To John from Ed Bahnd

To John
Best wishes

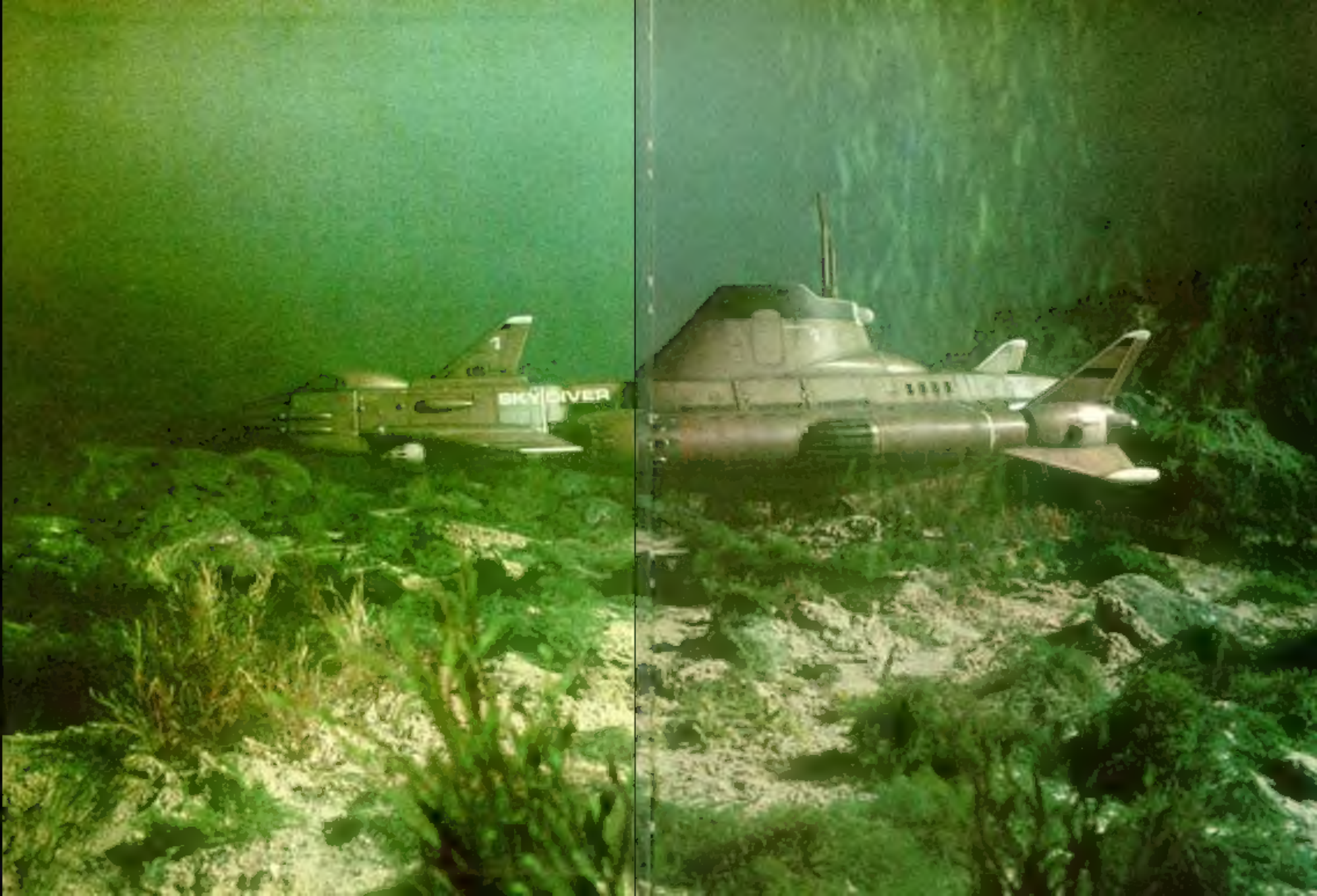
GERRY ANDERSON'S

UFO

ANNUAL

Authorised edition
based on the
ATV television series

SKYDIVER


SKY DIVER

UFO
ANNUAL
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THE SNATCH

THE SPINNING ORB

The clear blue sky above the wispy clouds seemed as perfect as a sky could be. Then something glinted in the strong sunlight. A casual observer might have missed the reflected flash of light; another person might have put the light-source down to a distant jet-plane. But, in the past, many inhabitants of the planet Earth had seen similar shapes and forms.

The authorities had been quick to scoff at the sightings; only a few individuals had remained convinced that what they saw was real and beyond the technical scope of mankind.

The tiny flash of light became clearer and nearer, and changed to a spinning orb of glass and metal. There could be no doubt. It was a UFO . . . an Unidentified Flying Object!

INTERCEPTOR FAILURE

"How did it happen?"

There was a deathly silence in the control room of SHADO headquarters. Operative Ford looked at the young girl at the next console, seeking an answer to the sharp question.

"Well, come on," continued Commander Straker, anger rising in his voice. "I want an explanation. How did that Ufo get through?"

"Well, sir," began Ford, knowing that it was useless to offer the lame excuses

that were flashing through his mind. "The Interceptors failed to connect . . . it just got past the Moonbase defences."

"Right," snapped Straker. "Then you'd just better get a trace on that thing before we lose it completely."

"Yes, sir," nodded Ford, relieved to have escaped the full force of Straker's fury for the moment. "Estimated Trajectory Termination coming up."

The radar sweep and tracking blips on the screens before him told Ford that the Ufo was being traced by SHADO's ultra-sensitive equipment. As he watched, a computer changed the image on the monitor screen and the rough outlines of a relief map appeared.

Another three seconds and a flashing line connected the small white spot at the top of the screen with a position on the map.

"E.T.T. . . . East Anglia, I would say," announced Ford with determination. "It's slowing down for a landing."

Straker glanced hard at the screen and then turned the console microphone towards his mouth.

"SHADO Control to Mobiles One and Two," he said, keeping his attention on the computed information which was rapidly appearing on the console monitors. "Proceed to area 42 green. Ufo termination in . . ." He looked at Ford for the answer.

"Eight minutes, sir," Ford replied to his commander's questioning glance.

"Termination in eight minutes," finished Straker. "I want complete run-down reports."

Without another word, Straker paced the few yards to his office and disappeared inside, the sliding door hissing shut behind him.

Straker had reason to be annoyed. SHADO had managed to destroy or deflect no fewer than four Ufos in the past week. The commander was convinced the Aliens had set themselves a specific and important target, for their activity had never before been so concentrated or determined.

Now, after his express instructions for strict alertness, the Interceptors had failed to score a hit against an intruder, and that meant that the Aliens were one step nearer to accomplishing their mission.

And as always, SHADO was unaware of what that mission might be.

DEFINITE FIX

COLONEL Paul Foster was at the controls of Mobile 1, with Lieutenant John Taylor as co-driver. Grimly he listened as Keith Ford explained to him, via the radio link, that Skydiver, Earth's main line of defence, was too far outside the trajectory termination to provide any effective action.

"It's all up to you and Mobile Two," Ford said seriously, knowing that the Mobiles and reconnaissance vehicles were going into action with armaments that were no real match for the destructive rays of the Ufos.

"Roger, control," acknowledged Foster. He was familiar with danger and taking risks, that was his job with SHADO . . . that was why he had been asked to join the organisation.

Then Ford was coming back at him over the radio in an excited manner. "We have a definite fix on the area, Colonel," he shouted.

"Where? What time?" asked Foster, gripping the Mobile's controls ready to swing the tracked vehicle in any direction.

"North east of Norwich ... area green 7," replied Ford. "That's as close as we can get."

"It's great," said Paul. "The closest E.T.T. we've had in months."

"She's flying straight and true ... landing will be effected in ..." Foster could imagine the ever-accurate Keith Ford re-checking his computer read-out sheets. "Four minutes."

Lieutenant Taylor shook his head slowly. "We must get there in time to witness the touch-down."

"Yes," agreed Foster. "Then we'll be right on top of it before the pilot has a chance to make a move."

Scarring the tarmac beneath the skidding tracks, Foster swung the Mobile off the highway and across a field. He had made up his mind to achieve more than any SHADO operative had done before ... capture an unharmed, live Alien and, more important, secure the pilot's machine.

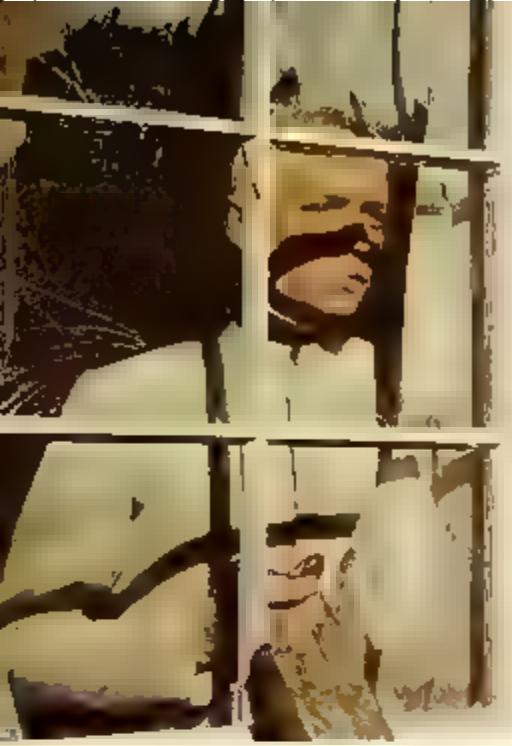
Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as Foster thought of the prospect of seeing inside a UFO. He simply *had* to get closer so that there could be no mistake this time.

A thick belt of trees stood between the Mobile and the estimated landing spot. It would be a narrow path to take, but the risk of collision with the timber was justified.

Taylor was leaning forward staring at the sky through the windscreen of the Mobile and the leafy canopy of the trees.

"There it is," he cried thrusting out an arm.

Foster saw the object at the same



instant. He clenched his hands around the controls, his mouth dry with anticipation and the fear that was necessary to make his reactions razor sharp.

'It's coming down in that clearing. We've got him, lieutenant.'

Like a sycamore seed, the whirling UFO descended vertically towards the ground, the grass flattening as the air was pushed downwards. As gently as a feather it settled on the earth and remained there, silent and unmoving.

The whine of the mobile's engines and the clanking of the metal tracks echoed through the forest towards the strange machine. Foster kept up a rapid exchange of report and operations procedure with SHADO control and his voice rose in pitch as the thrill of the occasion gripped him.

'Yes,' he shouted into the microphone fixed near his mouth. 'It's down. Not five hundred yards from us. I'm closing in.'

'Be careful, Paul,' came another voice. It was Straker. 'Approach with caution ... and by all the stars, if you let this one get away ...'

Words failed Straker for once and caused a fleeting smile to break Foster's grim countenance. They both knew what was at stake ... and they both knew how impossible the task had proved in the past. Maybe today would be different.

The Mobile broke into the clearing, slowing to a crawl as Foster went over the plan of action in his mind.

There seemed to be no sign of life in or around the UFO. With the motors of the Mobile purring to nothing, the silence seemed to hang above them like a dangling sword.

'Right,' grunted Foster as he unbuckled the safety harness which secured him to the control seat. 'Take over, lieutenant, and keep your finger away from that cannon trigger. You know the drill. My life is unimportant compared with this chance of a UFO

capture. No matter what happens to me number one priority is to get alive A-en and keep that machine in one piece.

The sun was warm on Foster's back as he took the first few steps towards the strange machine. He could feel his pulse racing and his legs seemed to shiver as he moved another pace forward.

When the Ufo moved, there was no warning sound, no build-up of motors, no rush of air. Instinctively Foster flung himself to the ground as the machine rose rapidly. There was no need to protect himself — the Ufo appeared to be singularly indifferent to his presence except for its swift retreat.

As the blades of grass filled his mouth, the colonel knew that Lieutenant Taylor would be undecided as to a course of action. Foster was not sure what he himself would have done had he been behind the controls at that moment.

Then three or four seconds after the Ufo began its blustering rise into the air the rapid chatter of the Mobile's cannon shattered the quiet and hammered painfully against Foster's ear drums.

"You crazy fool," the colonel shouted leaping to his feet, arms waving. "We want it in one piece."

It was too late. The trace of cannon shells burst through the air, a fiery streak of destruction.

The spinning Ufo seemed to falter as the leading shells struck. For a moment it looked as if the machine would plummet straight back to the trees. Then it was gushing a strangely coloured smoke, purple and black — yellow and green billowing clouds spreading around it like the sparks of a catherine wheel.

Teeth apart, lower jaw slack, Foster stared upwards at the enthralling sight, mesmerised by the brilliant spectacle.

Then it was gone. Like a wounded bird drifting at an angle in the clear sky trying to gain height but never quite achieving its objective.

Two miles was the distance the Ufo managed to fly — two short miles before it buried itself in the stout walls of a house that had stood for three centuries.

No-one saw the crash. Man is a most unobservant creature unless his personal interest is aroused. The house had stood empty for two months; there was no reason why anyone should be walking in the lonely vicinity of the old building.

EXPLODED

It was unusual for Ed Straker to leave SHADO headquarters to visit the scene of Ufo activity. Under his command were many able-bodied operatives to carry out detective and observation duties. His job was to sift the evidence and reach decisions based on what his men discovered.

It was also unusual for four Ufos to attempt to get through SHADO defences in one week. Straker felt that the Aliens were after something vitally important to them. He wanted to take part in the operation personally and conduct investigations in the field.

These were the reasons which brought Commander Straker to the lonely house so recently ruined by the crashed Ufo.

As they wandered around Alec Freeman quickly told of Mobile Two's arrival at the scene ten minutes after the crash. During that brief period the Ufo had destroyed itself leaving no trace of machine or pilot.

The SHADO forensic experts and scientists had completed their work and had come up with nothing that would provide the answers to the major questions.

"No trace of an Alien?" Straker asked.

"No — but that doesn't mean there wasn't one. He could have got out before the explosion."

"What are they after?" the commander asked, staring out of the window. "If there was a pilot aboard that Ufo, what did he want — where has he gone?"

"We cordoned off the whole area," Freeman replied, trying to read his chief's mind. "No-one can get in or out for a radius of two miles."

"That doesn't help if the Alien mission is to get at someone or something within that area, Alec." Straker said, kicking aside a broken chair so that it clattered over the plaster strewn floor. "Who lived in this house?"

"We're checking now, sir," Freeman said respectfully. He knew Straker's frustrated mood was returning.

Straker wandered on through the ruined building, searching each room thoughtfully. Then he suddenly whirled on Freeman who was following.

"The Ufo landed not two miles from here — I'm going to make an assumption, Alec — I've got to. We're wandering around in circles. We've got to have a positive line of enquiry."

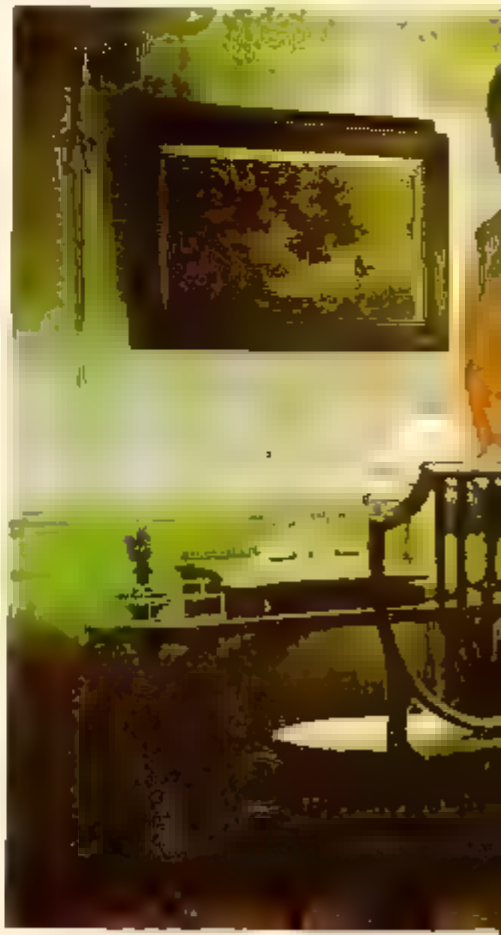
"I go along with that," replied the colonel, "but one course of action can be as good or bad as another. We can't just stab at a plan and hope it's the right one."

"I know. But we can come up with some very educated guesses based on what we know of the Aliens and their activities during their previous visits."

Straker made up his mind in an instant. He turned on his heel and strode back towards the car.

When he and Freeman were heading back to headquarters, Straker outlined his train of thought.

"I'm going to assume that the Aliens want someone within the area where the Ufo landed." Freeman nodded to show that he was paying attention as he threaded his way through the traffic. "I want details of every person living inside your cordon, plus case histories of any visitors who might have arrived during the last ten days."



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Straker noticed the sidelong glance thrown at him by Freeman. He smiled grimly.

"I know it's a tall order, Alec, but it's got to be done. And find that Alien."

Inch by inch the SHADO ring tightened as an army of operatives combed every leaf and stone within the cordoned off area.

Paul Foster led the search for the Alien and as night began to gather around him he knew that the hours of darkness would be the obvious time for the Alien to pursue whatever objective had brought him to Earth.

Twelve square miles was a large area to police. Paul was by no means certain that his men could cover the ground quickly enough.

"What's holding them up?" Straker shouted as he marched up and down his office. "Why haven't they found anything?"

"There's a lot of houses in that area," reasoned Freeman. "You know they're doing their best."

"Yes, I suppose so." The commander stopped pacing and returned to his desk. "How about the reports of the people living there?"

"The computer will have the answers in a few minutes. We've also asked for any incidents, no matter how trivial, that happen in the area to be reported direct to you."

"Thanks, Alec." Straker smiled back at his second-in-command. "That was good thinking."

Two hours later the commander had examined the read-out data on the four hundredth inhabitant living in the operations area. Not one of the names he had read or the details he had absorbed hinted at any link with the Aliens.

Straker's temper was not helped by the continued reports of Foster's negative results in locating the Alien. "More than a quarter of the area had been covered, but there still remained an awful lot of territory in which the Alien could move."

SCARLET OUTFIT

THE moonlight shone whitely through the large french windows of the peasant room. It caught the elegance of the furniture and the good taste of the decorations. It also illuminated the bright scarlet outfit worn by the stealthy figure who moved silently into the room.

Professor Stobart had dozed off in the comfortable armchair. He had been working late, studying papers about the

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atest developments n transplant sur gery Although fascinating to h m the sub,ect could not stop h m from c os ng h s eyes to rest

Then he saw the Alien The green tinge of his skin showed up eer y in the unar ght and for a moment the pro fessor shuddered with dread

Next second, a sharp stabb ng pa n n h s upper arm to d him that he had been given an n,ection by the strange man, and a moment later he felt h s senses reel ng as the contents of the hypoderm c syringe took effect

Both Straker and Freeman had taken time out to change the r clothes and freshen up, fo t had been a ong, weary day and they would still be on duty for the rest of the night

Then the break came a simple police report that had been routed through Straker s office fo ow ng Freeman s orders

He s a professor of medic ne and advanced sparepart surgery ' Colone Freeman exp a ned, handing Straker the po ce f e. His wife s certain he was n the house at 1 15 th s morn ng She left him reading some papers and went to bed

"I see. And when she got up to make him some coffee he d gone " continued Straker

That s r ght Of course. we've no way of know ng for sure, but Professor Stobart s fie d of work seems of great nterest to the Aliens.

It s all too much of a coinc dence. Alec agreed Straker "We must assume the Al en p lot came here for the pro fessor and has taken him from h s house But where has he gone? What does he ntend to do w th h m?

Paul Foster shou d be at the house now Perhaps he l have some answers

No He find out precisely the same as the po ice. Let s go over aga n

Freeman had sat through one of Straker's ana yt ca breakdowns of a prob em before Like a terrier with a

bone Straker grasped the facts. shook them, threw them upside down d gested them and generally screwed them into a ba until they began to te a clear story

The Al ens have been trying to get to Earth for the past week, Today they succeeded and anded we must assume at the place they intended. Foster s nterventron threw a spanner n the works for a while and the Ufo crashed away from the target, but the A en was able to complete his m ssion and capture Professor Stob n

'Most of that is guesswork, put n Freeman amazed that Straker could create a plausible pattern from the few scraps of nformation ava ab e

"In SHADO n nety per cent of all our dec s ons are based on guesswork you know that Alec. Freeman nodded "Then don t interrupt. Keep guessing Now the A en has the professor and wants to get him back to his own planet But he can t because his craft has blown up So what does he do?

Go under cover until another s fo comes to co ect him " Freeman a most

shouted the words convinced that he had found the so ut on

Correct. Now where s the most kely place for the pickup to be made?'

This time Freeman did not have the a nswer

How abou, where t he first Ufo crashed? asked Straker 'Does that seem ogical?

s as good a bet as any agreed Freeman get Foster to check t ou

No you won t, A ec,' smiled Straker ris ng from his cha r ' want no slip- ips this time you and I will handle this one '

LONELY SPOT

FOR the second t me in hours, Straker and Freeman moved into the ruined house Night changed the appearance of the half broken wa s and the rubble and debris took on sin ster shapes as the clo ds raced across the moon

Straker g anced up at the upper floor hearing a scuff ng sound Freeman heard it too and both men froze on the spot waiting for a repeat of the sound Then the squea of a terrified cat pierced the s tence and Freeman s hands clen shed from the reac on of a moment s fe

The cat settled itself on a flattened door wh st Straker and Freeman ex am ned every corner of the ruined house

The guesswork didn t pay off the commander said soberly as the sound of h s pocket transce ver bleeped a contact warn ng note

Commander Straker, s r came Fos ter s voice from the nstrument We ve found the Alien and Professor Stobart

Freeman and Straker arrived at the lonely spot n the woods ust in time to see the ambu ance driving away back to the SHADO medical centre Pau Foste stood beside Professor Stobart who bore obvious signs of the recent seda t on he had undergone Straker g anced after the d sappear ng ambu ance

"The Alien Dead? he asked know ng the answer before Foster could epl y

Yes. He must have smashed his he met when he crashed The change n atmospheric pressure was too great He tmat y suffocated

Straker turned to Professor Stobart was about to say someth ng, thought better of t and then strode to h s car

The second Ufo was destroyed by the nterceptors fifteen m nutes after Straker reached SHADO headquarters

So you were right after all, Alec Freeman sa d ater his face set know ng that being right was not enough for the commander

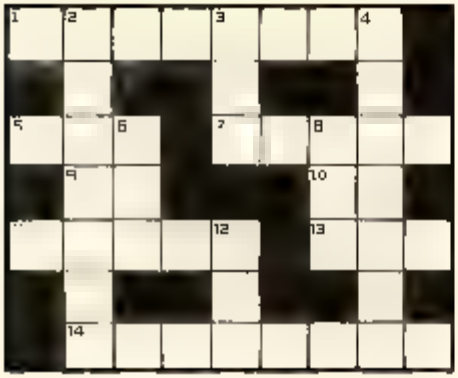
t appears that way A ec, agreed Straker 'The on y thing we didn t a ow for was the Alien s broken he met and the de ay in the second Ufo s arriva And we st l have no further usefu nformation about the A iens or their mach nes

That s not quite true, sir" corrected Freeman 'We now know that the Aliens can se ect nd viduals for capture '

Hmmm, murmured Straker Our next problem is to know in advance which of these ndv dua s of yours have been earmarked for the trip across a b lion m les of space Give me some correct guesses to that problem, A ec and you can have my chair and I get you a knighthood, too!

QUICK XWORD

See how quickly you can complete the clues



Across

1 The sun could be called one
5. A donkey
7 Rejects
9. United Kingdom (initials)
10 See with a letter missing.
11 Fetch!
13 Poetic before
14. A fish

Down

2 Makes certain
3 Public transport
4 A country in Africa
6 Snow shoe
8. Employ
12 Firearm

Answers on page 77

SHADOSTAFF

Straker

SUPREME COMMANDER

IN 1970, Colonel Edward Straker of the United States Air Force arrived at a lonely airfield in England and was met by a member of the British Government.

He had just completed an extensive tour of Europe and Asia during which he had presented certain conclusive evidence to the heads of the world powers.

The last call was about to be made on the British Prime Minister who, it was certain, would endorse the decisions of the other chiefs of state that action was needed to fight a terrifying menace that threatened the entire world.

In Straker's specially constructed security briefcase was positive proof that Unidentified Flying Objects did exist and that they were making repeated and sinister visits to Earth.

Straker never reached the rendezvous point at Chequers. The car in which he was travelling was attacked by one of the very hostile space craft which were the subject of his report and he barely escaped with his life.

Soon after that fateful day Edward Straker was nominated by the International Astrophysical Commission as the Supreme Commander of the newly constituted organisation known as SHADO, a position he has held up to the present day.

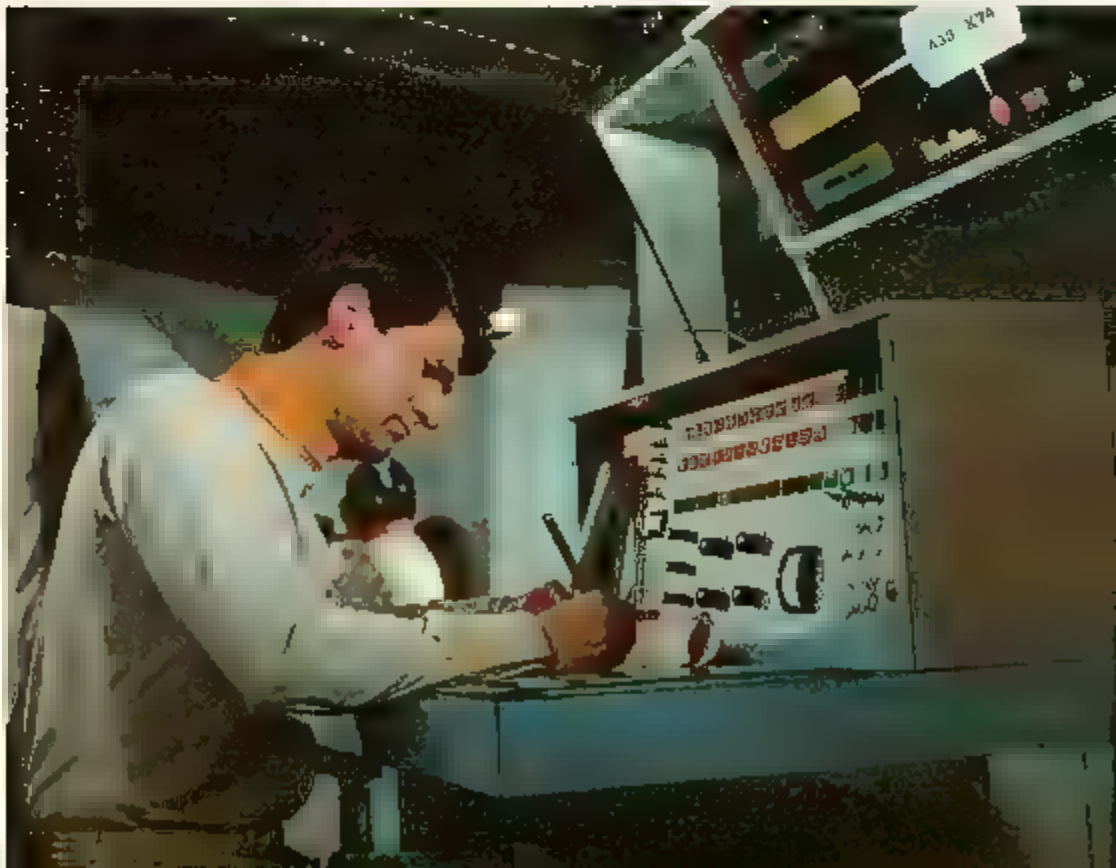
SHADO

TOP SECURITY HQ BENEATH A FILM STUDIO

IT was in the spring of 1970 that the heads of the world's major powers were informed of the definite existence of Unidentified Flying Objects.

Edward Straker, a Lt. Colonel in the U.S. Air Force, was accompanied by General Henderson to alert the governments of the world of the impending danger of UFO visits to Earth.

Shado control centre. Right, the Shado organisation.



The outcome of Straker's findings and the investigations that followed left no doubt that the UFOs were hostile and steps were immediately taken to set up an organisation to discover more about the visitors from space and to defend the Earth from possible attack.

That organisation became known as SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALIEN DEFENCE ORGANISATION code name, SHADO.

Promoted to commander, Straker was put in charge of the organisation and over the next ten years developed and equipped the various sections and departments which were to track and engage the hostile UFOs.

Security was of the utmost priority for fears were well founded that a leak of information could start a nation wide panic. As a cover Commander Straker was given the job as head of a motion picture studio, and the studio buildings concealed below the surface the main operations and headquarters of SHADO.

All Shado HQ departments including a medical centre, firing range, interrogation rooms, are concealed in a vast underground emplacement. The main control centre, the hub of the organisation is the central area of activity and with the aid of the most up-to-date computers and highly critical top secret tracking equipment, the operatives are able to combine the functions of Moonbase and the Space Intruder Detector (S.I.D., satellite in establishing approach and speed, destination and arrival time of any unidentified flying object in the vicinity of Earth's near and middle space.

Commander Straker's office is adjacent to the main control room and ideally situated for the purpose of controlling this vital and complex organisation.

The underground emplacement is approached by top personnel by means of an office which descends in its entirety in the manner of a lift to the secret headquarters.

All operatives and personnel are selected after the most stringent security and ability checks and after years of training become the most technically skilled and efficient staff operating anywhere in the world.

Each person has one aim in life to save the Earth from the impending disaster that could result should the mysterious visitors from space gain a foothold on the Earth.

General view of Straker's office, with the commander at work

PAUL FOSTER entered the main reception area of the Harrington Straker film studio and passed the numerous actors dressed in the strange Roman togas and gladiator outfits. The studio was shooting an epic about Roman times and Foster smiled gently to himself as he approached Miss Ealand's office.

If only those actors knew, he thought as he opened the door to Miss Ealand's office, I wonder what would happen if they realised Shado was operating right under their bare feet?

Commander Straker's secretary smiled as Paul strolled easily into the office.

"You're to go straight down," she told the handsome man and with a curt nod he moved to the door with the illuminated sign showing that it was clear to enter.

The sliding door shut automatically and Foster crossed to the large desk positioned beside the window that let in the bright sunlight. He opened the lid of the cigarette box on the desk.

"Mike Foster reporting," he said into the box. In a few seconds a clear, but disembodied voice replied from the box.

"Voice print positive identification eight zero four. Foster, Paul J."

The voice was individual and identifiable as a fingerprint and Shado had been quick to install this means of identification to eliminate unwanted visitors and possible impersonators.

Satisfied that an authorised person had entered the computer which controlled the Shado entrance selected a new programme and slowly the entire room began to sink into the depths of the earth.

Foster had been down to Shado control many times in this room and it no longer held any thrill for him but as the view outside the window changed from sunlight to solid concrete, he adjusted his mental attitude in order to be prepared for Commander Straker, the supreme chief of Shado.

SATELLI

Passing the operatives in the control centre Foster noticed that Straker's door was open and the mellow crystal clear voice of his commanding officer reached his ears.

"Come right in, Paul. It's good to have you back. Enjoy your leave."

"To be honest," Foster replied

SATELLITE SCARE

PAUL FOSTER entered the main reception area of the Harrington Straker Film studio and passed the numerous actors dressed in their strange Roman togas and gladiator outfits. The studio was shooting an epic about Roman times and Foster smiled gently to himself as he approached Miss Ealand's office.

If only those actors knew, he thought as he opened the door to Miss Ealand's office. I wonder what would happen if they realised Shado was operating right under their bare feet?

Commander Straker's secretary smiled as Paul strolled easily into the office.

"You're to go straight down," she told the handsome man and with a curt nod he moved to the door with the illuminated sign showing that it was clear to enter.

The sliding door shut automatically and Foster crossed to the large desk positioned beside the window that let in the bright sunlight. He opened the lid of the cigarette box on the desk.

"I'm fitted up," he said into the box. In a few seconds a clear but disembodied voice replied from the box.

"Voice print — positive identification eight zero four — Foster, Paul J."

The voice was as individual and identifiable as a fingerprint and Shado had been quick to install this means of identification to eliminate unwanted visitors and possible impersonators.

Satisfied that an authorised person had entered the computer which controlled the Shado entrance selected a new programme and slowly the entire room began to sink into the depths of the earth.

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"Come right in, Paul. It's good to have you back. Enjoy your leave."

"To be honest," Foster replied

didn't. Before I went off duty we'd had six solid weeks of doing nothing — and then I go off on leave to relax. I'm so relaxed now I'm bored."

"I know how it is, Paul," replied Straker, rising from his chair to move to the conference table on the other side of the room. "But remember, while we're inactive the Earth is not being bothered with the threat of UFO intrusion."

"Of course you're right," Paul declared, bending his tall body to sit on the bench seat that Straker indicated with an outstretched hand. "But if I don't start occupying my mind with some sort of problem, I'll go crazy."

Straker pushed the plastic-covered file of papers towards the colonel and settled down beside him.

"Well you can start occupying your mind with that." The commander smiled. "Your first orders to take over Moonbase for the next month. And if you want thrills, take a look at an Earthrise over the Haemus Mountains. It never fails to make me gasp."

RED ALERT

THE orange hull of the moon module ferrying Paul Foster from Earth to Shado's installation on the moon turned ninety degrees to begin its tail-towards descent to the permanent docking shaft-off gantry.

Within fifteen minutes the colonel was at the central control console of Moonbase's main operations sphere and ten minutes after that the precise voice of SID the Space Intruder Detector satellite cut through the artificial atmosphere of Moonbase.

"Red alert. UFO 429-152 Green."

Foster swung round in his revolving chair to glance at Nina Barry, one of the two on duty space trackers. Hurriedly yet efficiently she turned in circuits and scanners until she was satisfied and answered Foster's questioning look.

"I have it, colonel. 429-156 Green," she said, her face bathed in the reflected red light of the alert panel commanding the centre of her console.

"This is Moonbase to all Shado stations," announced Foster into his microphone. "UFO sighted. Will report."

E SCARE

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He turned to Paula Harris, the other space tracker

Speed?" he queried

Sol 0004 –reduc ng

Are you sure? t's very slow Double check

Paula ran through the computed speed of the approach ng object and her mouth hardened

Confirm Sol 0004," she answered.

It should be slow enough to get a video fix," decided Foster Range is within the scanners

Next m nute the screen before Pau t ashed with white dots and nes as the scanners searched for the UFO Then the breaking picture ceased and the screen cleared to show the silvery out line of a large satellite

Hey!" exclaimed Paul in dismay That's not a UFO. Without hesitation he operated the earth video link and was at once connected with Commander Straker

Yes, Paul," Straker said before Foster could speak We've picked up the pictures down here. We're check ng t out now But get th s straight that satellite has come from deep space We don t know what it s up to so I want those interceptors up there on standby

'Roger commander,' acknow edged Paul switching to nternal sound systems. Interceptors immediate aunch

On continuous standby three astro nauts reached for their space helmets and leapt nto the chute entrances to slide swiftly to the cockpits of the wait ng interceptors.

Soundless in the nil atmosphere of the moon the e evators ascended to the surface and the nterceptors emerged from their converted natura craters Then, with the ba looning power of the atomic engines reaching full pitch, the interceptors rose towards the blackness of space.

As the three strike machines lined up with the satellite, ready to destroy at a moment's notice, the satellite shifted position noticeably and SID'S clear vo ce reached the built in earphones of the pilots

Satel te on Moon orbit 924 constant—2 m les

A puzzled frown furrowed Foster s forehead as he tried to make sense of the satellite's purpose and intention Then Straker's image appeared before him on the Earth link

It's a camera probe launched by NASA four years ago Paul," the com mander said in a stern voice. "The

space agency informs us it went off course and stopped sending back pictures almost as soon as it was launched. They gave up for lost.

But why has it come back? Paul asked the hint of alarm in his voice. Why has it started on a Moon orbit?

One theory is that it somehow broke away on a long elliptical orbit of the Earth like a comet and has been pulled back to the Moon by the gravitational forces of the Earth and Moon combined.

You don't sound convinced, Foster said, hearing the incredulous tone in Straker's words.

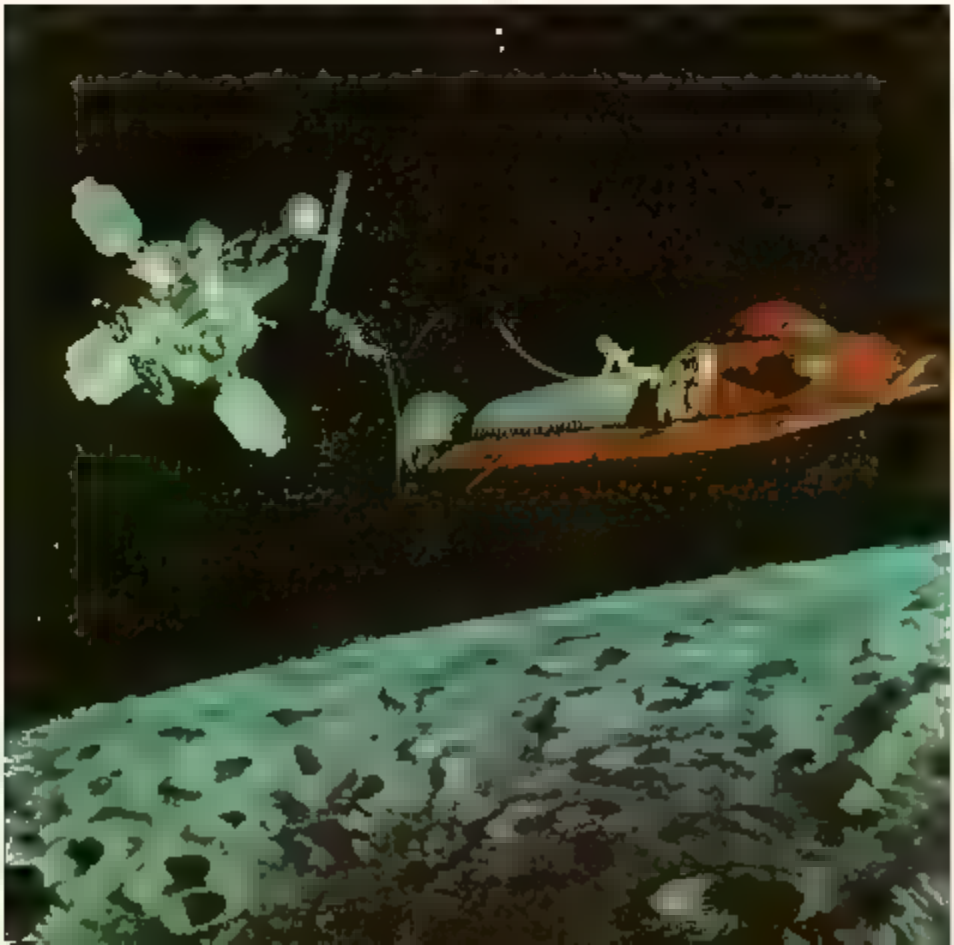
I'm not, came the answer. In fact I don't buy any of the explanation. I would be much happier to believe that the satellite has fallen into the hands of the Aliens and they've sent it back here to renew their activity on Earth. But I suggested that to the experts, they'd laugh.

So what do we do?

Get up the gantry, Paul, replied Straker. Take a team of demolition experts and tear that thing to pieces screw by screw, panel by panel. I want to know if it's still the same as when it left Earth. The blueprints are in the security files.

THE GLOWING LIGHT

ALEC FREEMAN was with Straker as the commander finished issuing the orders. Ever mindful of the personal side of the Shado operations, one of Free



man's responsibilities was the continued uplift of the staff's morale. He frowned as Straker fixed him with a steady stare.

All right, Alec," the commander said suddenly. "Let's have it. What's bothering you?"

"You're suggesting that the Aliens have geared that satellite and sent it back to somehow cause trouble, right?"

"It's only a theory, Alec," answered Straker, "but in this job we can't take chances."

"Agreed. The Aliens probably knew we would be in a position where we could not resist examining that craft. There's too much mystery attached to it."

"Get to the point, Alec," snapped Straker. "You're not usually this long winded."

"No." nodded Freeman. "I'm not usually worried about the safety of a team of astronauts flying in a module, but the fact is, that satellite is suspect. And you've sent three men into an area of danger unnecessarily."

"Oh, yes?" smiled Straker, enjoying the game of cat and mouse. "You're suggesting we ignore the pursuit of knowledge and possible information about the Aliens and just take an interceptor's missile and blow the satellite out of existence. That's right, isn't it, Alec?"

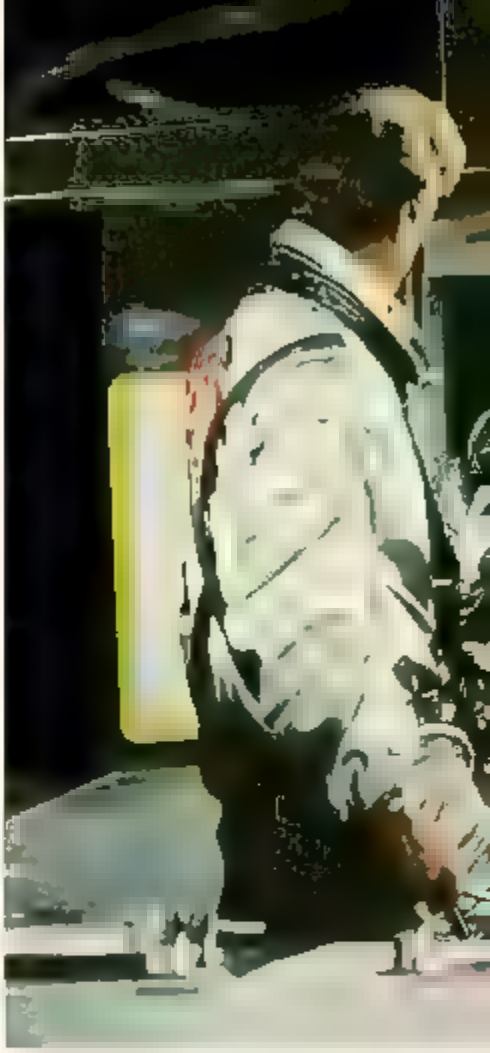
"We'll it would be better than exposing those valuable lives to untold danger."

"And if man had not discovered and experimented with the wheel we'd still be in the stone age. No, Alec, you're out of order. Those astronauts know the risks — it's part of their job. They will approach that satellite with the usual caution."

Straker paused a moment before turning his attention to the top of his desk where several reports and files awaited his perusal. Then, as Freeman turned to go, aware that the discussion was at an end, Straker called him back.

"And I'll tell you this, Alec," he said firmly. "Not one of those astronauts would thank you for trying to protect them. They've had two months of inactivity, this tour of duty is what they've been longing for."

Colonel Paul Foster waited for Astronaut John Sanchez to switch the controls of the module to automatic pilot. Then, snapping the third member of the investigation team, Captain Sean Grammet on top of his space helmet, Foster secured the anchor line to the stanchion provided beside the exterior hatch door.



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The door had been removed to allow the astronauts easy movement to and from the spacecraft, and Foster had an uninterrupted view of the brightly shining satellite framed against the blue-blackness of the space sky.

Then they were pushing off from the module, drifting with freedom through the weightlessness of space, paying out the anchor lines behind them so that they would be able to haul themselves back to the module when the time came.

The laser gun, its powerline hanging motionless between them and the ship, inserted the special welds and rivets which held the satellite together. Their movements were ponderous and necessarily slow in zero G condition but each man was an expert at the dismantling of space vehicles and, without mistake or mishap, they worked on for the full five hours, taking out each component of the satellite and checking it for signs of foreign interference before making it secure in the 'rubbish' bag which they would pull aboard after they had returned to the module.

Captain Grammet moved around the satellite to start work on another section. It was then that he noticed the faint glimmer of light that came from one of the delicate silvered valves that had once aided the functions of the remote-controlled cameras of the satellite. At first, Grammet was not sure if he had really seen the light, it had been so faint. But then as it glowed again, like a flickering candle flame, he knew that there was something not quite in keeping with the blueprints of the space probe which they had studied before leaving Moonbase.

Strangely, as the three men returned to the Moon having completed the day's operations, Captain Grammet could not bring himself to talk about the light. Every time it occurred to him, a voice in his mind would persuade him to forget what he had seen. Consequently, as the three men went to the Sleep Sphere to rest in anticipation of the next phase of the dismantling, Foster and Sanchez were ignorant of what Grammet had experienced.

OXYGEN SHUT-DOWN

WITH sleep induced by the hypnotic patterns of light above their bunks, Foster and the other two astronauts regained the strength needed to continue the vital job of dissecting the satellite.

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Then they were pushing off from the module, drifting with freedom through the weightlessness of space, paying out the anchor lines behind them so that they would be able to haul themselves back to the module when the time came.

The laser gun, its powerline hanging motionless between them and the ship, melted the special welds and rivets which held the satellite together. Their movements were ponderous and necessarily slow in zero G condition but each man was an expert at the dismantling of space vehicles and without mistake or mishap, they worked on for the full five hours, taking out each component of the satellite and checking it for signs of foreign interference before making it secure in the rubbish bag which they would put aboard after they had returned to the module.

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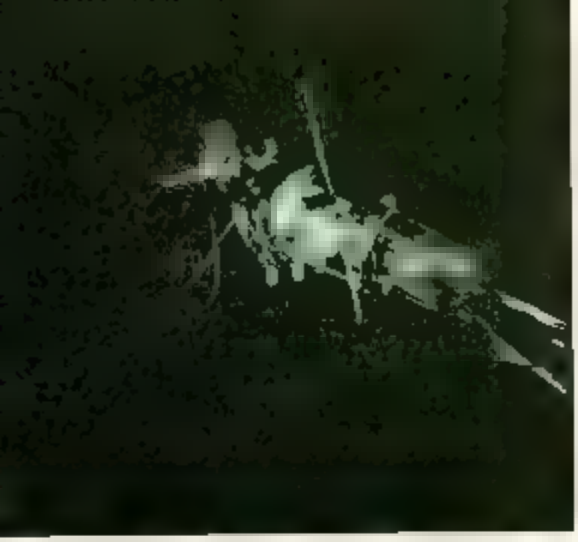


Eight hours later after a meal Foster and Sanchez moved to the Reception Sphere for lift-off expecting Grammet who had gone ahead of them to be waiting

There was no sign of the space captain and, using the intercom, Foster asked Space Tracker Barry to locate him by means of the monitor network

"He's in the Reactor Sphere," Nina replied some minutes later "I think you ought to look at him he's acting kind of strangely

Frowning at the hint of mystery in Nina's voice, Foster moved towards the Reactor Sphere where the energy and power of Moonbase was housed The automatic door slid open and Foster took in the situation at a glance

Grammet was near the main reactor control panel staring vacantly at the rows of dials and levers. Instinctively Foster lowered the visor of his helmet for he had seen Grammet push the lever to shut down the oxygen systems of the sphere

"Grammet!" he called through his built in helmet microphone, "What are you playing at?

In answer Grammet whirled round grabbing up a long screwdriver that had been resting on the control panel His eyes were glazed as Foster moved towards him and in that moment, Paul knew that the captain was not in control of his own senses

Destroy shut down reactors That was all Grammet was saying mouthing the words over and over in an even voiced monologue Then his hand rose the sharp blade of the screwdriver poised over Foster's head, ready to deliver an attacking blow but Paul Foster was one of the fastest men in Shado and one of the fittest His fist enclosed in the space gauntlet, travelled up from waist level to connect with Grammet's jaw The space captain crashed to the ground, gasping for the air which was rapidly failing in the sphere

There was no need for more action from Foster except to re-set the oxygen controls

"Get him to the sick bay and give him a sedative I want him shipped back to Earth as soon as possible. Foster told Lt Ellis who had returned to Moonbase control duties Grammet has been got at I'm sure of it

There was no other way Foster could explain the actions of a man whom he had grown to trust and respect implicitly It occurred to him to replace Grammet with another of the standby astronauts to continue the work on the satellite, but then he decided against the move. Better to risk exposure to no-one else

Foster and Sanchez took the module back to the satellite's area as it orbited around the moon The front section of the satellite had been removed and was still attached to the many cables and electronic systems which had once operated the cameras in the nose cone The next stage was to release those cables and separate the two halves of the satellite, leaving the motor section to be investigated as!

Sanchez began to cut through the tethers with his powerful laser gun and while Foster searched the motor sect or

of the probe. He was not aware that Sanchez had noticed the pulsating light on the valve which Grammet had seen on the previous session.

Sanchez could not mistake the flashing beam. It was bright, much brighter than when Grammet had observed it, and in a shocked voice he shouted into his microphone.

Colonel ... there's something here ... a pulsating light.

As Paul Foster glanced towards the astronaut he saw the other man turn and raise the laser gun. The nozzle was pointed directly at the colonel who knew that one blast from the powerful laser beam would mean complete disintegration.

Foster knew a moment of panic. He was powerless to reach Sanchez and the astronaut seemed set on operating the gun.

Must destroy all Shado operatives, mumbled Sanchez, but then he was whirling over and over in space, his excited movements upsetting his equilibrium. In the strange and difficult condition of weightlessness, the slightest false move can send an object spinning for ever. Sanchez was being subjected to a revolving movement and there was nothing he could do to stop himself.

Foster saw the piercing beam of light flash from the laser barrel and knew at once that the ray would hit the camera section of the satellite.

Next second there was a blinding explosion and the bullet shaped nose cone of the probe melted before his eyes. Shockwaves of energy struck both men and only Foster's hasty pulling on his anchor line saved him from the same whirling motion that Sanchez was experiencing.

Sanchez was unconscious when Paul reached him, knocked out by the explosion's blast. Slowly Paul inched his way back along the line to the module, hauling his companion behind him.

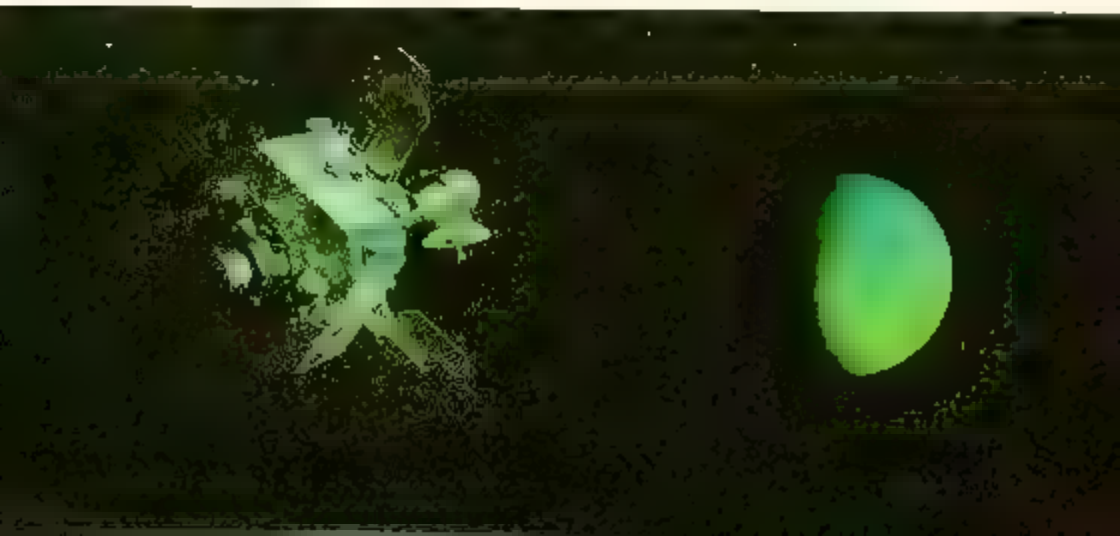
CONDITION NORMAL

SANCHEZ saw something in that nose cone. Foster insisted as he relayed the details of the incident to Straker. Aliens put some sort of hypnosis-inducing light inside the satellite in an attempt to destroy Moonbase and its personnel.

How is Sanchez now? Straker asked, weighing up in his mind what would be his next move.

Under sedation, with Grammet. They're being brought back to Earth on the next module, answered Foster.

Right," decided Straker. "You come



with them. I want a full report from you in the meantime. Launch the interceptors. Destroy what's left of that satellite.

The motor section of the probe hung ominously above the moon's surface, unknown mysteries and booby traps concealed in the myriad components. Then it was no more, obliterated by three missiles directed to the target by SHD.

Commander Straker was walking through the film studio lot when Paul Foster, once more on Earth, sought to deliver his report.

The doctors have made a brief examination of Grammot and Sanchez, he said. They think they were both brain washed by an Alien device, but should be okay in a couple of weeks.

They gave me a complete check-out, condition normal, added Foster with a grin. It seems the Aliens didn't manage to affect me.

That's good. Straker answered and then turned a broad smile on his aide. And what about the other condition you were suffering from, inactivity wasn't it? How do you feel now?

Foster's grin widened.

Well, maybe I was nearly killed twice out there, but I never did get to see an Earthrise.

SHADOSTAFF

Foster

OPERATIVE 804

TWENTY NINE-year-old Major Paul J. Foster was elected to Shado after becoming involved in a UFO incident that nearly cost him his life and came close to endangering the entire security of Shado.

Test flying a civil aircraft, Foster's flight plan was the same as the entry trajectory of a UFO. Ordered to leave the area, he refused after sighting the object. Shado defences destroyed the UFO and Foster's plane was hit by the blast, causing it to crash.

Foster managed to eject and awoke to find himself in hospital suffering from temporary blindness. Later discovered to be a security measure induced by Shado medical personnel.

Angry and sure of what he had seen, Foster attempted to make the authorities listen, but instead became more and more involved with the Shado operation.

After following a series of clues, Foster finally confronted Commander Straker and learned that it had been a carefully laid plan to test the young man's reactions and strength of character.

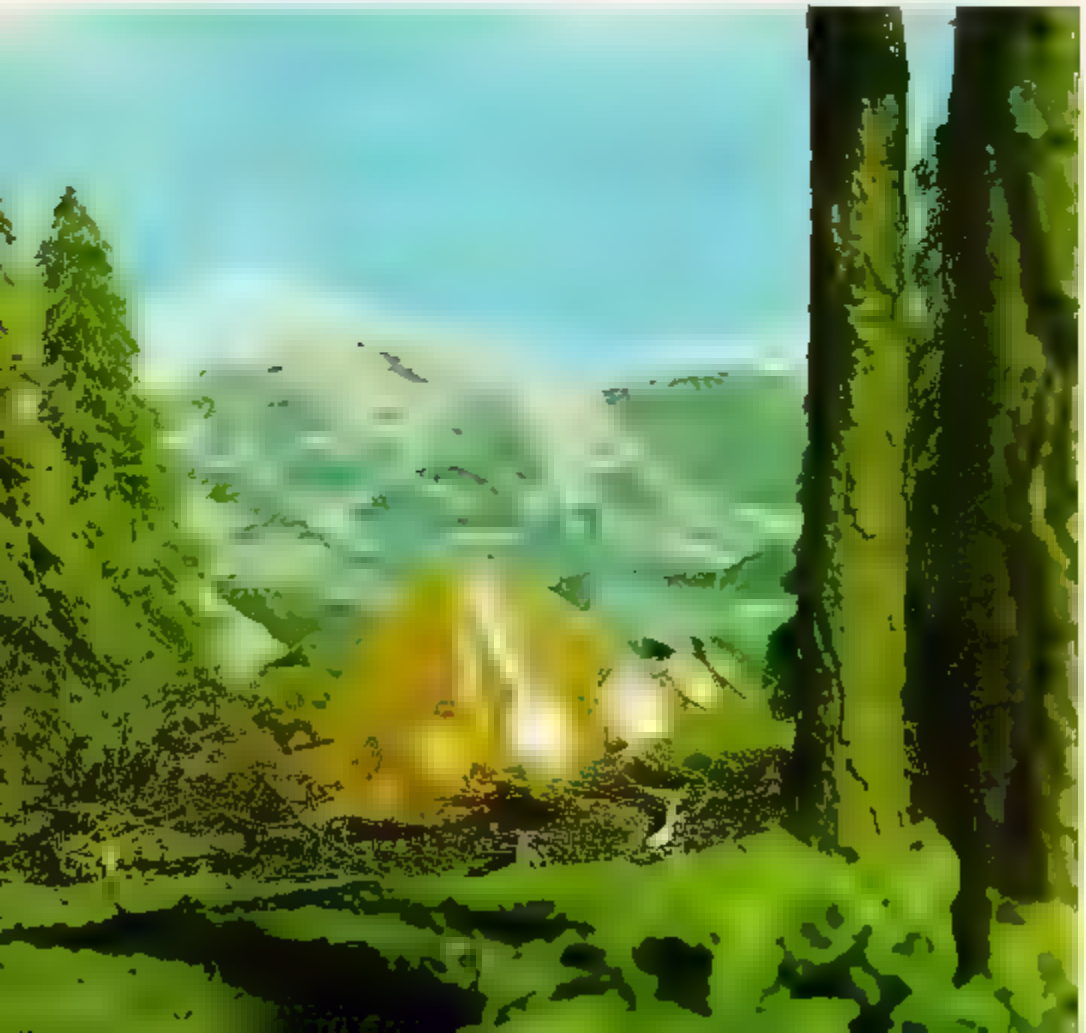
Straker had seen in Paul Foster the qualities needed to take over command of any one of the Shado defence systems. Shado had found an operative of exceptional courage, as was to be proven on many subsequent occasions.

UFOs THREAT FROM DEEP SPACE

OWING to the fact that no craft used by the Aliens to reach Earth has ever been captured and examined, the technicians and scientists of Shado remain in ignorance of the nature and potential of the UFOs.

It would appear that the machines have a built-in self destructive system for on the few occasions that a UFO has been cordoned off the machine has immediately exploded.

Two things are certain. The UFO is capable of travelling at fantastic speed many times faster than the speed of light, and it carries a unique ray which has tremendous destructive power.



THE ALIENS

AFTER the capture of an Alien, Shado surgeons discovered that the body contained organs which were definitely human in origin.

This could be one of the reasons why the Aliens come to Earth to obtain spare parts to keep themselves alive.

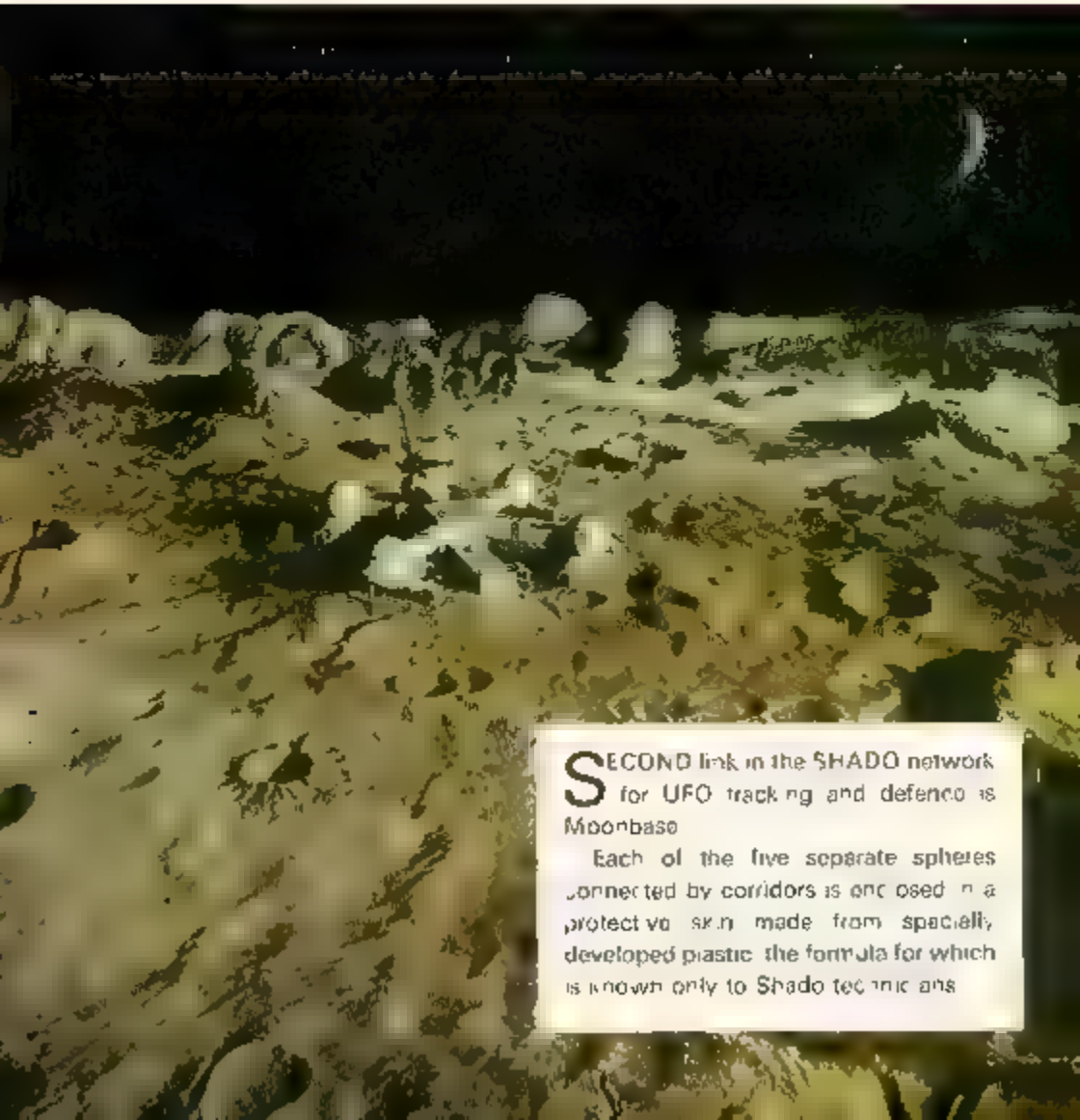
From the medical examination it was realised that the Aliens travel in their space craft in a liquid environment containing a bio-acrophylic compound which gives their skin a greenish tinge.

The liquid enables the Aliens to withstand the tremendous speeds and length of journey required to reach Earth from their own planet which is unknown.

SHADODEFENCE

MOONBASE

The eyes and teeth of the Earth



SECOND link in the SHADO network for UFO tracking and defence is Moonbase.

Each of the five separate spheres connected by corridors is enclosed in a protective skin made from specially developed plastic the formula for which is known only to Shado technicians.

In order to reduce the impact from possible meteorite bombardment each panel is individually sprung.

Atomic powered generators, plus solar wave trapping cells provide light and energy to run the air conditioning, cooling, purifying and heating systems. Each sphere has a specific purpose under the control of the main operations room of the Moonbase complex.

CONTROL SPHERE

THREE operatives including the Moonbase controller are on constant alert within the curved walls of the Control Sphere.

Linked with SID and SHADO headquarters on Earth, Moonbase can track and identify any approaching activity in near and middle space and has powerful weapons to deal with intruders.

The many hundreds of components needed to build the highly sophisticated computers in operation were ferried to the Moon from Earth and assembled within the base.

In the centre of each operative's bank of computers and controls is a large panel. This screen indicates the alert condition of Moonbase, which varies from green alert (non-urgent) through yellow alert (caution) to priority red alert when all personnel are on immediate standby for action.

The Moonbase controller sits in a central position with the Space Trackers before and behind him or her.

Final decisions rest with the controller who co-ordinates the findings of the operatives.

RECEPTION SPHERE

THIS sphere provides the launch and docking facilities for the ferry ships between Earth and the Moon. A space ship lands on or lifts off from vertical ramps attached to this sphere.

This provision means that crewmen can enter or leave the complex without touching the Moon's hostile surface.

Within the Reception Sphere are fuelling and servicing facilities for the spaceships.

SLEEP SPHERE

IN the Sleep Sphere are beds and wardrobes to make the Moonbase operatives feel ready at home, and above each bunk bed made of transparent inflatable plastic is a screen showing sleep inducing moving patterns.

The automatic food dispenser ...meals for all nationalities

LEISURE SPHERE

THE Leisure Sphere is the area where astronauts on standby and off duty personnel can relax in comfort and pursue the many recreational activities provided

A dining area with an automatic food dispenser is contained within the Leisure Sphere and the autocook can supply dishes from the main space-interested countries of the world.

An important feature of this sphere is the provision of carefully placed vents set in one wall

Red alert, and the interceptor pilots leap to the launch chutes in the ...eisure Sphere

These vents are the entrances to the chutes which the interceptor pilots use to reach their machines, which are housed nearby in the launch craters

REACTOR SPHERE

THE fifth sphere houses the atomic reactors, stores and garages for the moon transporters used to cross the moon's surface and collect scientific and geological samples

CENTRAL PARK

IN the centre of the entire complex is an area known as Central Park Beautifully decorated with exotic plants, which also provide additional oxygen to Moonbase, this area is designed for leisure strolling and conversing and makes a pleasant and vital change from the enclosed, plastic environment necessary in the spheres.

INTERCEPTORS

MOONBASE FIREPOWER

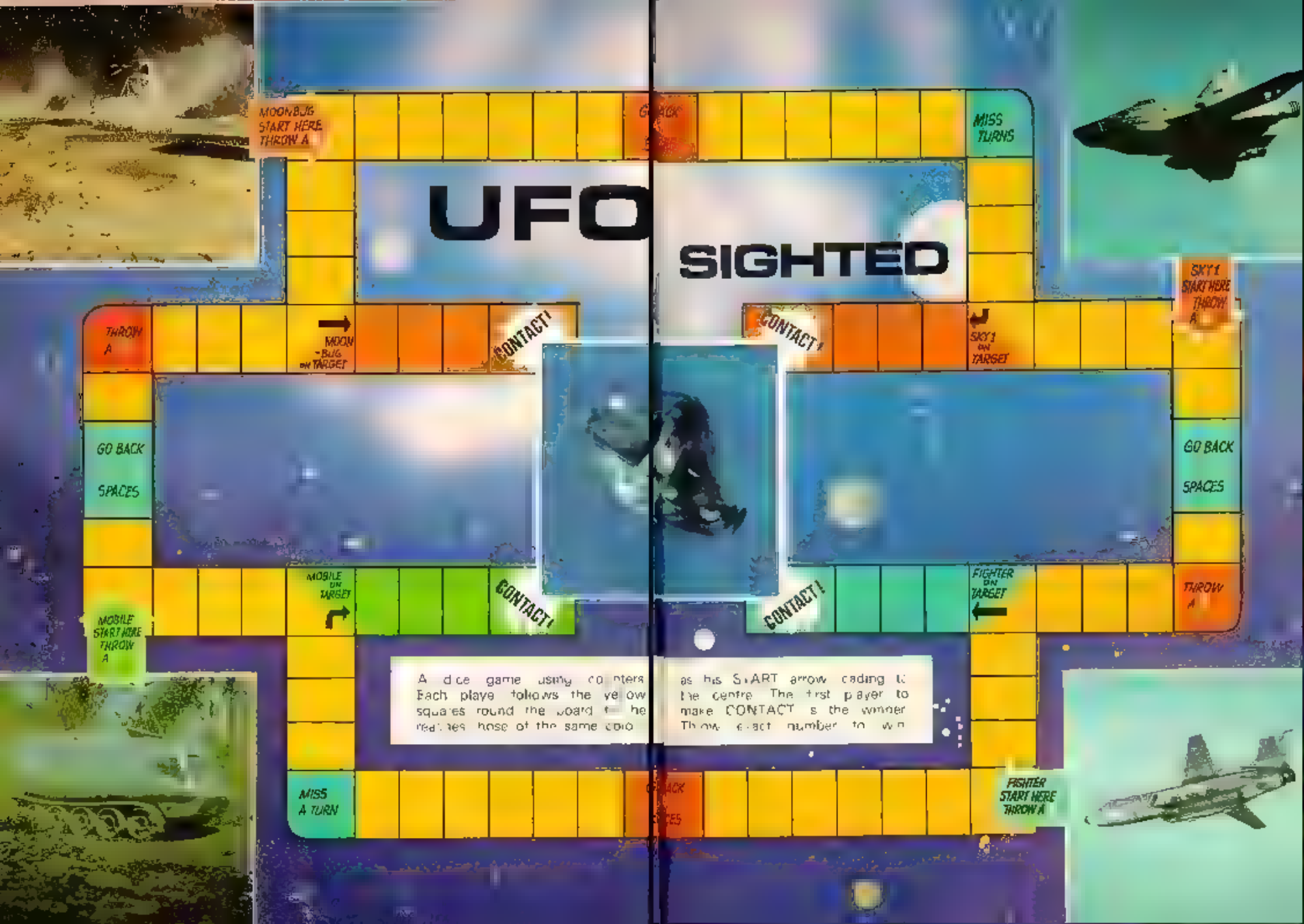
An essential part of the Earth's defence systems against UFOs and under the control of Moonbase, the interceptors provide SHADO's main firepower outside the Earth's atmosphere.

Housed in craters beneath the moon's surface, the single seat vertical take off machines operate on a limited range around the moon.

The task of the Interceptors, flying in packs of three, is to prevent UFOs from entering Earth's atmosphere either by destroying them or causing them to divert.

To carry out this function, each machine is equipped with the Earth's most powerful computer assisted missile and the speed that can only be practicable whilst operating in an atmosphere.

MOONBUG START HERE THROW A
UFO
THROW A
MOON - BUG on TARGET
CONTACT!
GO BACK SPACES
MOBILE on TARGET
CONTACT!
MOBILE START HERE THROW A
A dice game using counters
Each player follows the yellow
squares round the board to the
reaches those of the same colo
MISS A TURN


UFO
SIGHTED
MOONBUG START HERE THROW A
MISS TURNS
THROW A
MOON - BUG on TARGET
CONTACT!
CONTACT!
SKY 1 on TARGET
SKY 1 START HERE THROW A
GO BACK SPACES
GO BACK SPACES
MOBILE on TARGET
CONTACT!
CONTACT!
FIGHTER on TARGET
THROW A
MOBILE START HERE THROW A
MISS A TURN
FIGHTER START HERE THROW A
A dice game using counters Each player follows the yellow squares round the board to the red ones those of the same colo
as his START arrow leading to the centre The first player to make CONTACT s the winner Throw exact number to win

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as his START arrow cading to the centre The first player to make CONTACT is the winner Throw exact number to win
FIGHTER START HERE THROW A

The [illegible] door opened and Alec Freeman walked purposefully into the office of his commander Ed Straker

There was a smile twitching at the corners of Freeman's mouth and Straker did not fail to note the amusement on the colonel's expression

Enjoying yourself Alec? Straker asked coldly to share the joke

A little answered Freeman and put a dossier on the Commander's desk I've just completed the breakdowns on SHADO recruitment and transfer requests

Good I have work for a group of applicants

As you know we're looking for a replacement astronaut with special knowledge of the moon said Freeman relaxing his position of attention

That's right nodded Straker I assume the usual crop of NASA personnel have volunteered a switch over to SHADO

Yes but there's one man you might remember

Straker gave Freeman a sad look He didn't like playing guessing games He reached for the dossier knowing he would find the answers to Freeman's amusement and riddles within its [illegible] pages

A portrait photograph stared up at him showing the features of a young man

with clear frank eyes. Straker's memory cells began to work.

"Ralph Baxter," he announced, putting a name to the face he had not seen for ten years. "You mean he's applied for a transfer?"

"That's right. You never forget a thing, do you?" smiled Freeman. "It seems Baxter is tired of sitting on top of NASA space rockets. He wants to see a bit of action against something more than just the elements of nature."

"How could I forget him?" Straker answered. "Apart from ourselves and General Henderson, Ralph Baxter is the only man who knows the complete secrets and details of the SHADO set up."

Straker stared at the photograph and his mind went back those ten years to a time when SHADO was little more than a few uninteresting buildings, a dream in the minds of a handful of men, and a gigantic entry in the balance sheets of the world's governments.

Yes, he remembered Baxter. Baxter and the Survival Simulator.

SURVIVAL SIMULATOR

RALPH BAXTER strained to see through his visor of transparent beaten gold. He searched the dark rocky horizon in the strange earthlight for signs of human life. He saw nothing. He checked the level of oxygen and nitrogen that he was breathing from cylinders in his back-pack. He noticed that it was getting low.

His space suit felt cumbersome and the equipment he carried seemed to weigh a ton despite the low gravity on the moon.

He had to set up the survey apparatus, and as he unpacked the separate components to begin taking the geological samples, Baxter was sure he would pass out before he could complete his mission.

What was he doing here in this desolate unwelcoming place? He tried to remember but only the urge to continue his work came to his confused mind.

Piece by piece he assembled the control systems that would tell him exactly what minerals were contained in that unearthly ground for a distance of two miles.

Then the job was complete and Baxter sat back on his haunches to glance around him. He had never before felt so alone.

Noting the readings, he repacked the equipment and moved on, lifting his feet high with long, slow strides.

Suddenly brilliant light swept towards him and it was daytime again. He knew that with it came a searing heat to burn at his suit. He couldn't remember how many days and nights he had been trying to reach his base. He felt his strength beginning to go. He was walking still, but only the instinct of survival kept him moving on.

Seemingly hours later the heat and light left him and the wastes of the barren wilderness of rocks and craters were again lit by earthlight. Now he staggered and rolled in a weird slow motion.

Baxter was not aware of the eyes that studied him. From a darkened window several scientists and doctors watched from above. Machines recorded every beat of his heart. Transistorised electrodes attached to his body streamed information onto moving graphs on which his reactions were inked.

SHADO chiefs Commander Ed Straker and Colonel Alec Freeman watched without emotion as Baxter continued his laboured progress. The man had to last another few minutes. And Captain Ralph Baxter had forgotten long ago that he was being put through the toughest test that man had ever been subjected to on the NASA Moon Terrain Survival Simulator.

Occasionally Baxter thought he saw shimmering buildings, vehicles and other spacemen. His instincts told him that his imagination was playing tricks because they faded away when he forced himself to concentrate to the limit. The silence was closing in on him. His transmitter was dead, but he still tried to call base from time to time.

Baxter to control. Come in control. Over. The only sound was the crackle of static electricity. Most of the time he switched the transmitter off. He knew control would call him if they could.

He lowered his head again and slowly staggered on. Baxter dimly remembered that if his head went back he would be done for, so he looked down through aching eyes. He hardly noticed the puffs of dust that slowly rose from the surface each time his foot came down. Baxter had long forgotten which he preferred, the night or day.

His foggy brain told him that the moon's surface was gradually rising up to meet his helmet. He felt he could touch it. To his surprise his right hand came into contact with the powdered rubble and he watched the dust eddy away from around his silver glove. His elbow bent until he looked at the moon's surface, now scarcely an inch away.

He lay like this for some time, slowly realising that he had fallen over. Again his instincts took hold. He rose on hands and knees, his mind driving him on.

Baxter," he told himself. Baxter. Come on, Baxter.

A great weight seemed to fall on him and flattened him to the moon again. With his final reserves of energy he un

concernedly raised his head to watch two men in civilian clothes walk normally towards him. They bent down and picked him up, each gripping an arm. He saw the worry in their eyes. He smiled openly at them.

Oh boy," he said. "You guys won't last five minutes dressed up like that ."

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THE BRIEF

SIXTEEN hours later Baxter came out of his sleep knowing full well that it had all been a test at NASA Simulation Training Centre. He was wide awake within a minute, his mind clear of the effects of the simulated moon walk of the day before.

There was a click from the speaker grille above the head of his bed and a voice spoke to him.

"Good morning, Captain Baxter." He cheerfully waved a hand in reply to the unseen owner of the voice. "You will find coffee, ham and eggs in the heated locker above the table. Could you please dress and breakfast now? In ten minutes you will be required in the briefing room. Thank you."

He washed and dressed in the calm and quick manner that he had learnt as a trainee astronaut. A few exercises had already started to take the stiffness from his limbs.

He found he had adapted quickly to this new way of life, but he still looked fondly back to his days as an Intelligence Officer with NATO. He even thought, on looking back, that he had enjoyed going into a hostile area, never quite knowing who the enemy really was.

A few minutes later he was striding through the NASA complex with time to spare. Outside the briefing room there was a sign burning in red neon above the door. He read: DO NOT ENTER.

Finding a chair opposite, he sat down to wait. Another man came along and seeing the sign sat down next to him.

"You for briefing?"

Baxter turned and looked quickly at the friendly face of the stranger next to him. "Oh, I was just told to report." His training had taught him not to answer questions.

"My name is Freeman," said the stranger.

"Glad to know you." He mentally prepared himself for the next question.

Freeman was silent for a few seconds then he spoke again. "How are you making out with the training?"

"Training?" Ralph looked surprised. "You mean for NASA Sports Day?"

Freeman looked slightly annoyed. "Listen, I know your name is Ralph Baxter and you are taking a special course in moon survival."

Ralph managed a convincing laugh. "Boy, that takes the biscuit. Who needs survival training. The moon's made from solid cheese."

Freeman smiled, showing that he had given up trying to bludgeon him. "Look, Ralph," he said, "I'm on your side. I

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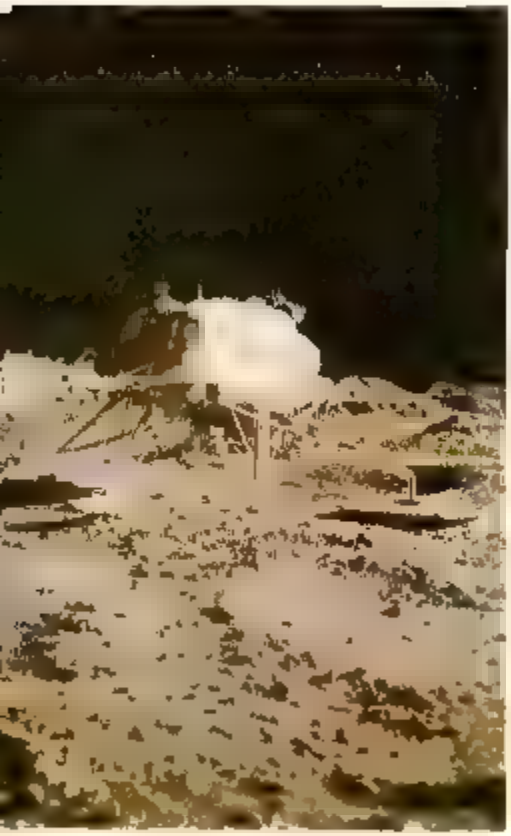

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know the rule about not answering questions, but if we are on the same course then surely it's O K

Ralph turned and looked at Freeman hard. He spoke slowly making each word count. Yes? Well in that case you can tell me about *your* course then "

He was beginning to enjoy himself Freeman returned his look An electronic buzz interrupted them

No need to," said Freeman, rising up and walking through the door that had silently opened

Ralph followed him. He looked up at the sign board. It read Enter, Colonel Freeman and Captain Baxter" Ralph remembered the moon walk and ruefully wondered what the punishment was for being rude to senior officers

Ralph heard a slight clunk as the door closed behind him Freeman was already sitting on the right hand side of a man with very fair hair

Commander Ed Straker looked up at Captain Baxter standing squarely before him. He knew that Baxter was being freed from NASA for this one mission The lack of trained SHADO men annoyed him even though he realised it was only a temporary matter

SHADO was only recently formed. His own astronauts, Skydiver and Interceptor pilots were being trained together It would have been impossible to take a man from any of those teams because the training system demanded that the team should not be split up

Therefore one valuable man had been taken from NASA for a limited period Twelve hours later Ralph Baxter would know why he had been chosen

Sit down, Baxter " Ralph obeyed the hard ring of authority He sat facing the two men

My name is Commander Straker My job is to control an organisation called SHADO which stands for Supreme Headquarters Alien Defence Organisation Unless you have any questions at this stage I will continue

No questions, sir Baxter always wanted the whole story before he questioned anything. He found his method saved time

Good, said Straker " For many years the governments of the world have suspected, and more recently known that Ufos have been making flights into the Earth's atmosphere. Now it has been proved that the aliens being piloting these craft are hostile Therefore it has become urgent that we make use of our forces to seek and destroy these invaders

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To do this we need to be able to move quickly and, if possible, unnoticed by the millions of people living normal lives on Earth. One whiff of this, Captain Baxter and the population of the world would panic."

"I understand, sir." Ralph was listening carefully. He knew he was about to hear facts that few others would ever hear. Straker continued.

"Now, you have been subjected to several tests that have been necessary for us but possibly not clear to you. For instance, Colonel Freeman was testing you before you came into this room. A simple test but effectively confirming that, in view of what we already know, you would be unlikely to give away top secret information."

Baxter returned Freeman's half-smile.

"You are now trained to a remarkable peak of physical fitness. Yesterday you proved that you could survive on the moon absolutely alone for several days, even though your simulated but concentrated test took only hours.

"The test proved conclusively that you are now ready for a Moonbase mission. But before final briefing I am going to explain what we know of the problems that demand the services of a man with your particular abilities and qualifications.

"It is essential that Earth should have a front-line system of defence. The choice is obvious."

"The moon?" Ralph spoke quietly.

"Exactly, Captain Baxter, the moon. At this moment a team of engineers and technicians are building a base on the moon that will be fitted with computers and tracking devices linked with an orbital satellite computer already launched. We call it S.D."

"Captain Baxter." Colonel Freeman took up the briefing, "we all realise that the Earth is in grave peril. The construction of Moonbase must be completed and a lot has been going well until now. Over the past few days unexplained mishaps have occurred. Machinery tampered with, important components damaged or destroyed. These occurrences are malicious but have not yet resulted in fatal accidents. Your sole task will be to seek out the source of these attacks and stop them."

"As you know, there are several installations already on the moon such as NASA geological and mining groups and the Lunar Interstellar Observatory. None of these can be ruled out. Nor the can we rule out the possibility of the attacks being inspired by the Aliens."

To do this we need to be able to move quickly and, if possible, unnoticed by the millions of people living normal lives on Earth. One whiff of this, Captain Baxter and the population of the world would panic.

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DANGER
EXPLOSIVES

However the Aliens have in the past ignored the moon possibly because it does not bear life for them. But it could be that they sense danger from Moon base. These are the problems we face We want you to discover the answers

Colonel Freeman said Baxter quietly, could it be that the sabotage is the work of one of the engineers actually building Moonbase?

Straker answered him quickly

The men working on the site are employed by the same company who have built every moon installation All these men are checked and re-checked They are unaware of the purpose of Moonbase, so it would seem that they have nothing to gain by sabotage activities

Naturally, you will be armed with specialised equipment to give you every possible aid " Freeman explained, "but above all your mission must remain absolutely secret You must on no account create suspicion and only as a last resort will you use any weapon

If you have no further questions Captain Baxter, Commander Straker concluded. "Colonel Freeman will explain what cover you will use

Baxter warmed to this intense man called Straker He had an authority and presence which few could resist

No questions, sir " Baxter said as Straker left the room

Now, smiled Freeman relaxing a little. you are no longer Captain Baxter You are Doctor Robert Woodward. A geologist Trained in London—all the construction men are American trained you are attached to Moonbase purely to probe the possibility of more sites in the immediate Moonbase area You have sixteen hours before lift off from Cape Kennedy That is all. Good luck

The end of the brief came quickly Baxter felt great excitement as he was given a final check by the NASA doctors Already people were calling him by his new name, Woodward

Through a window he saw white vapour whispering from a giant rocket He wondered if it was his

THE WARNING

A DAY and a half later, Ralph Baxter now known as Doctor Robert Woodward was woken from a refreshing sleep He went to a window of the space ship. The moon seemed to fill the whole sky from his position, fifty miles above the barren surface By looking at the approaching vista he could tell that the craft was slowing His simulation tests had prepared him well, but still he could feel an eerie hostility from the Earth's dead satellite

The co-pilot knocked and came into his cubicle

Good morning, Doctor Woodward In half an hour Captain Lane will take you down to surface level. Please be ready in twenty minutes to avoid the need for computer adjustment

Sorry no to hold things up

He was pleased that his companions already thought of him as someone of an absent minded nature unaccustomed to the necessity of deadlines

With a gentle bump the Lunar Module signified that it had landed. Twenty minutes later Baxter took his first steps on the moon and thought back to the simulator How exactly he thought the men on Earth had reproduced the sensation of moon walking

He left the Module and with the aid of another space-suited figure he carried his equipment to the tentacled construction he knew to be Moonbase inside the room that was to be his home Baxter and the other man removed their helmets

Doctor Woodward? My name is Alan Kane. I'm in charge of construction here We were told to expect you

Glad to know you," replied Baxter "You probably know why I'm here

Oh yes. I understand that you are doing site location work

I'll try not to interrupt you smiled Baxter

We there have been a number of incidents recently and the men are jumpy"

I understand. said Baxter

Kane turned at the door

Incidentally for certain parts of the work we create a vacuum and build up a weightless condition. A klaxon gives a two-minute warning When you hear this, anchor yourself to something and wear your space helmet and suit You live longer that way

Baxter silently thanked Kane and set about checking his equipment He used the table to work on At first Baxter didn't notice the hiss of escaping air

Suddenly a sheet of paper flung itself from the table and stuck to the seams of the door Papers and equipment lifted off and up With horrifying certainty the room was becoming decompressed. This meant that within seconds he would be in a complete vacuum

In a flash Baxter remembered Kane's warning This vacuum would be accompanied by the weightless condition he had mentioned, a condition brought about by computers that reduced the gravity of the moon to nothing

Baxter's mind briefly went to the klaxon that had not sounded He sucked in the already sparse air His helmet wobbled out of reach as a red indicator light started to flash out a belated warning. With a great effort Baxter grabbed for his life-saving helmet and could only watch with agony as his knuckles sent it rocketing up to the ceiling

With his lungs bursting he pushed himself up from the floor hitting the ceiling with a sickening crash Reaching out he caught the precious floating dome and pushed his head into it

The relieving oxygen flooded the helmet He pushed himself down towards the table, clinging on gratefully keeping his feet on the floor

Well whoever it was didn't take long to put on an exhibition The fact that the klaxon did not sound could only mean one thing sabotage!

He gradually floated his way round the square room pushing around from one point to another collecting his belongings From behind he heard a clunk and the door shot open into the vacuum, the inrush of air dragging the helmetless Kane with it Baxter slumped to the floor as computers cut out the artificially induced weightlessness and restored normal moon gravity

Are you okay? passed your room and noticed the compression switch had been tampered with

Baxter quickly assured Kane that he

was unhurt. He went over ev[illegible] his mind. Apparently the rest of the camp was intact. Somebody was obviously out to get him personally.

FINAL ACT

BAXTER thought swiftly. He must act at once to find the culprit. He questioned Kane rapidly about the men but the construction boss was unable to think of anyone that he would not trust with his own life.

"The boys have been together since we did our first moon job. It would take a hypnotist to make them even drop a control button."

Baxter was startled by a thought. Hypnotism. Somebody or something could be controlling one man. One man would be unnoticed out of fifty.

Kane looked gloomily out of the window. Suddenly Baxter saw him duck and beckon to him.

"Take a look out there," said Kane.

Baxter peered out of the window in time to see a space-suited figure moving off towards a low rocky wall.

"It's Graham Cooper," Kane announced surprise in his voice. "He's one of our most trusted engineers."

"What's that he's carrying?"

"It looks like a detonator," Kane said.

"This is it!" Baxter exclaimed. "The final act of sabotage."

"You mean ...?"

"Yes! I'm sure of it. He's going to destroy the base." Baxter shouted as he rushed from the room.

The powerful atomiser gun felt heavy as Baxter checked that its electronic ray was fully charged. He would need an external oxygen tank and helmet, and he swiftly reached for the special apparatus distinguished by its yellow colour coding.

Then he was moving out on to the surface and batting to make progress as he saw Cooper stretching to activate the detonator.

The engineer had picked his position well. Lying full length behind a shield of rocks, he would be safe from any explosion in Moonbase.

There was no time to reach the man before he could operate the control plunger. Baxter would have to take a desperate gamble.

"If I can get a shot in close enough," the captain told himself as he hoisted the ray gun, "it might scare him long enough for me to get to him."

Baxter squeezed the trigger of the atomiser. He heard the faint electronic whine and felt the slight shudder as the weapon released its devastating charge.

The ray struck the rocks in front of Cooper. For a moment the black sky was lit by the vivid explosion, and Baxter saw the engineer roll over to protect himself, the detonator forgotten.

Before Cooper could recover, Baxter was upon him, having his spacesuited arm[illegible] like grip.

Baxter did not understand the reason for the man's passive submission, or his wildly staring eyes, but back on Earth three days later, Commander Straker filled in the answers.

"Brainwashing, hypnosis, call it what you like," said Straker grimly. "There can be no doubt about it. Some

one, somehow got to Cooper and took over his mind. We've no way of telling but I buy the theory that the Aliens induced the condition.

'What will happen to him?' Baxter asked, feeling a strange compassion for the engineer.

A few months of careful treatment we get it out of his system. Straker replied. He'll be back to normal.'

I'm glad to hear it, sir. Did the bomb disposal experts locate all the explosives he'd planted in Moonbase?

Yes, replied Straker. Now you'd better get to the de briefing room. Come back and see me when you're through if you remember.

When Baxter had left Straker turned to Freeman.

Any comment, Alec?

No, just that Baxter will be subjected to period amnesia and won't remember anything about the mission.

Correct.

'Then how will he remember to come back and see us?'

That was the question.

Now, ten years later, those casual words returned to Straker's mind.

'Yes, Alec, the commander said with a smile, I think Ralph Baxter will be an ideal man for SHADO. It's been ten years, but he finally remembered to come back and see us.'

SHADOSTAFF

Freeman

OPERATIVE 97

SECOND in command of SHADO, Colonel Alexander E. Freeman has special responsibilities for the welfare and recruitment of SHADO personnel.

When Ed Straker started to build the organisation he wanted as his deputy a man he could trust and at the same time respect. Alec Freeman was such a man.

The vital decisions which have to be made require the serious thinking of a team of men, not just one individual. Freeman blends the correct amount of obstinate logic with calculated intelligence and this thinking dovetails exactly with the character of his superior.

An ace flyer of ultra and subsonic aircraft, Alec Freeman has passed stringent combat tests at the controls of all SHADO defence vehicles and machines.

The knowledge of conditions during active service, plus his natural compassion, gives him an invaluable insight into human problems and his generally light hearted and genuine manner has won the affection and loyalty of all who know and work with him.

In the picture on the right, Freeman is seen preparing one of his many reports on personnel. It is in this sphere of his work that he has, perhaps, shown to the greatest advantage his value to the whole organisation.

Col. Karen Joy, the pilot's console of Skydiver.

SEEK AND DESTROY

SKYDIVER

SHADO DEFENCE

IF the Interceptors on Moonbase fail to destroy an approaching Ufo, SHADO's main line of defence within the Earth's atmosphere is the super craft known as Skydiver.

In fact, Skydiver is two separate craft designed to cover both the air and the sea, for the front section code-named Sky 1 is a powerful jet aircraft capable of supersonic speeds and great fire power.

On constant alert, Skydiver, one of a number of similar SHADO vessels, remains at sea, cruising on the surface or travelling submerged beneath the waves. In addition it can travel on seaskim, moving above the sea like a hovercraft.

Manned by a crew of six, Skydiver goes into action when alerted by SHADO control. Racing underwater at full speed to the predetermined position the vessel's captain then leaps into the chute which leads directly to the controls of Sky 1.

When the computers are set, the captain fires Sky 1's motors and the aircraft detaches itself from the main body of the craft to shoot up through the water and out of the sea on the same principle as the launch of a polaris missile.

Armed with cannons and high capacity missiles Sky 1 can match the speed of a Ufo, necessarily slowed down owing to Earth's dense atmosphere, and quickly manoeuvre to a position to deal with the intruder.

Alien craft have been known to operate beneath the Earth's oceans, so the need for a seagoing vessel is vital. With the radar and sonar tracking equipment aboard, Skydiver also adds to the detector mechanism of SHADO.

SHADO DEFENCE

PAGE INTRUDER S.I.D.

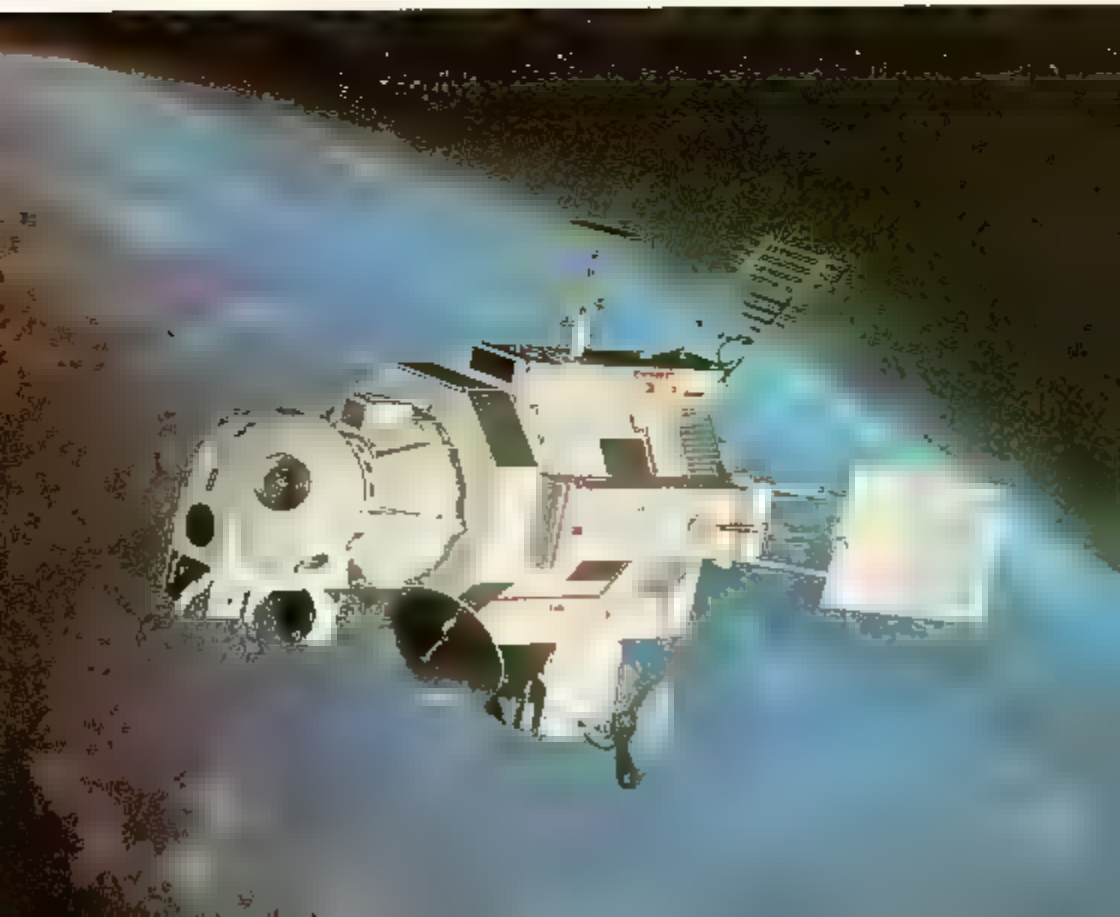
As its name suggests the function of SID is to detect and report sightings of UFOs.

The satellite maintains an orbit around the Earth directly opposite the moon and at the same distance from Earth as the moon.

With Moonbase and SHADO control, SID completes the entire tracking area around the earth so SHADO is able to keep a constant watch in any direction.

Packed with computerised instrumentation, SID possesses a programmed voice and scans the operations of all SHADO's craft on or above the Earth.

The key on the next page will explain the external apparatus of SID.

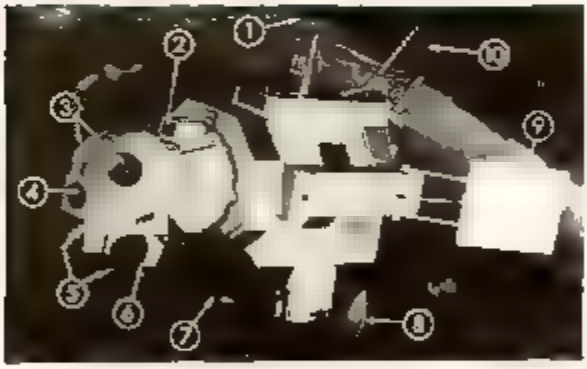


SHADO TEST PAPER 1

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Ed Straker is in thoughtful mood. Get your thinking caps on too, and see how many words you can make from the name ED STRAKER.

No proper names or plurals to be included.



KEY TO S.I.D

1 Advance warning system which gives first indication of any Ufo activity. 2 Receiver calls which relay instructions regarding a change of attitude or orbit. 3 Two airlocks allowing entry to satellite. 4 Interceptor docking cradle. 5 Clamps to hold docked Interceptor in position. 6 Docking collar which holds nose of Interceptor steady. 7 Two scanners used for transmitting and receiving information to and from Earth. 8 Main Ufo detection scanner used for computing their speed, course and height. 9 Solar panels which use the sun's rays to produce electrical power for the satellite. 10 Relay aerial which gives a direct link between Earth SID and Moonbase.

STRAKER'S DOZEN

To test your space knowledge

1 What is the Moon's gravity compared with that of Earth?
2 How many miles away is the moon?
3 What was the name of the first man to do an orbit of the Earth?
4 Who was the first man to walk on the Moon?
5 What was his partner's name?
6 What was the code name of John Glenn's space capsule?
7 What do the initials NASA stand for?
8 What is the christian name of Colonel Foster?
9 How many miles from Earth is the sun?
10 What do the initials SHADO mean?
11 Can you name the planets of the Solar System?
12 How much water is there in the Moon's seas?

ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 77

MOON MOBILE

A MOON BASED vehicle used for transporting personnel and equipment over the surface.

Housed in a natural crater near Moonbase, these machines can carry up to three men and travel on the Hovercraft principle, with vertical take-off and landing.

The hydraulically sprung legs enable it to compensate for the uneven surface of the moon so that the vehicle remains in a straight position when landed.

SHADO MOONCRAFT

MOON TRANSPORTER

KNOWN as the Moon Module, this transporter is the only ferry between Earth and the Moon.

Atomic powered the craft lifts off from Earth as a conventional aircraft and travels to the threshold of space as one craft. Then, separating, the rear section returns to Earth while the module continues on through space to Moonbase where it lands vertically against the permanent gantry.

On the return journey the rear section makes a rendezvous with the module in the limits of the atmosphere and ferries it back to Earth.

SEASCOPE

GOOD morning, Alec. Is the sun still shining?" Straker spoke with an expectant lightness as Freeman entered the commander's office.

"You should be out there enjoying it," said Alec.

"And that," said the grinning Straker, "is just what I intend to do – at least for a while."

Freeman wondered what was coming but said nothing. He knew he'd soon find out.

"Alec," continued Straker in a friendly tone, "What would you say was the biggest step for concern in Skydiver's operational procedure?"

"That's easy. We've often remarked about it. The launch of Sky 1 in rough weather."

"Correct," nodded Straker. "It is difficult for Skydiver to be certain of what the weather is doing on the surface. And Sky 1 has often been forced to launch in the worst sea conditions at great risk to the pilot and the plane."

"Yes," agreed Freeman. "But how do we control the weather to the degree needed for a safe launch each time?"

"We don't, Alec. We make sure we have more information of good lift-out points for Sky 1. Full and constant details of the condition of the sea. If the weather's rough in one area, we'll be able to send Skydiver to another part of the ocean and launch from there."

"It sounds like a good idea," said Freeman. "And while you're doing something about the launch you might come up with something which will improve communications with Sky-dive."

"Glad to hear you've been giving the problem some attention, Alec," smiled Straker. "Yes, bad weather conditions hamper the direct contacts with the vessel. What we need, Alec, is a sea going S.D., wouldn't you say?"

"Sounds great," especially as happen to have seen the latest SHADO navy budgets," also the designs for a certain ocean going computer ship also."

"All right, Alec," laughed Straker holding up his hands. "So you know

as much about what goes on round here as do. That's how it should be. The point is, that unmanned floating mind reader will help relay Skydiver's radio communications and give up to the minute weather and sea reports. I'm on my way to Skydiver to get first hand knowledge of the new system.

Freeman was surprised. Straker was not usually so happy about a trip in the submarine. But then his thoughts went on to the fact that he would have to take over control of SHADO Headquarters, a job he had done on numerous occasions in the past — and found it a strain.

Straker said his brief farewells and headed for the exit.

'By the way,' he said, turning back into the room, 'Paul Foster will be in later. Keep him busy, Alec, I believe in young men being occupied.'

'Have a good trip,' Freeman called as the door hissed shut behind the swift-walking Straker.

Freeman walked round the big desk to the swing seat that Straker had just vacated. He pushed a button as he relaxed into the chair.

'Yes, sir?' came a girl's voice immediately.

'Hot coffee,' he said. Then after a pause, 'and three chocolate biscuits. If he had to take the responsibility of control, he would enjoy it for once.'

Two hours later Straker was lowered gently into the conning tower of Skydiver. When he was safely aboard Peter Karlin waved the SHADO helijet away and shook hands warmly with the man he was so happy to serve.

'Welcome aboard, Commander. We don't see enough of you out here.'

Straker laughed.

'Thank you, Peter, but I'm sure I'd only get in the way. I'm better off as a backroom boy.'

Now it was Karlin's turn to laugh. The controller of the whole of Earth's defence organisation against the invaders from outer space thought of himself as just a backroom boy.

'Come on down, sir. We've got some fresh coffee going.'

'Right ahead, captain.'

Commander Straker greeted the crew individually. They were happy and he wanted them to know how much he valued their work.

In Karlin's cabin he tasted as good a mug of coffee as either H.Q. or Moon base could serve. The two men raised their mugs to each other in silent toast.

INFALLIBLE

'ANOTHER coffee.' Freeman released the button and waited for his third cup of coffee in two hours.

'Ed,' he said to the empty room, 'you should take a day off more often.'

A smiling girl swished in through the door. 'Your coffee, sir,' she said. 'And Colonel Foster is here.'

'Good,' replied Freeman. 'Have him come in.'

Paul Foster entered the office and eased his big frame into a chair opposite the desk.

'Morning, Alec. What's cooking? I hear Ed's gone off visiting.'

'Our commander is never still, Paul. Peter Karlin has him for the day.'

Freeman pushed a button and a wall

screen flashed up a picture of the new SHADO ship "Sea Scope"

That, Paul, is Shado's new toy. A sort of seaside SID.

A what? This was new to Paul and Alec enjoyed his little game just as Straker had earlier.

It's a computerised, unmanned ship, Paul. It will give instant information to Skydiver. It means safer sea lifts, outs a direct boost for Skydiver's communications, and pin-point termination points for jets over the sea. Infallible.

Paul turned back to look Alec in the eye.

If there's one thing I've learned, Alec, it is that nothing on this earth is infallible.

At that moment Straker was watching a screen in Skydiver's control centre printing out the information constantly being fed from the new robot vessel. Details of wind direction, sea currents, cloud ceiling, general weather conditions.

The perfect complement to SID. Peter smiled. Straker can't wait to see it in full operation.

"Your enthusiasm is always inspiring, Commander, but I prefer to wait until the vessel is proved beyond a doubt."

Quite right, Peter," nodded Straker. But give it a chance. I know how you feel about unmanned craft at sea.

Karlin had spent the day showing Straker round Skydiver and had made certain that there was no doubt about the ability of his expert crew. It had been a long time since Straker had spent so long in the vessel. He was not really a man for submarines. He found a slight uneasiness at being so deep under the ocean. But as long as he kept busy he managed to forget the feeling of claustrophobia.

Well, Peter," Straker smiled as they returned to the captain's cabin, "Congratulations on your ship and your crew. With Sea Scope above you, I've a feeling that you're going to be hard to beat.

As Straker was thinking about leaving Skydiver, Paul and Alec walked into the control area of SHADO HQ.

Colonel Freeman, Paul," called Keith Ford. A Shadair Rescue Freighter requests clearance for routine patrol take off.

Right," answered Freeman. Give the go-ahead."

They were interrupted by SID's clear voice coming over the speaker systems.

Red alert! Red Alert. UFO sighted at one and a half million miles.

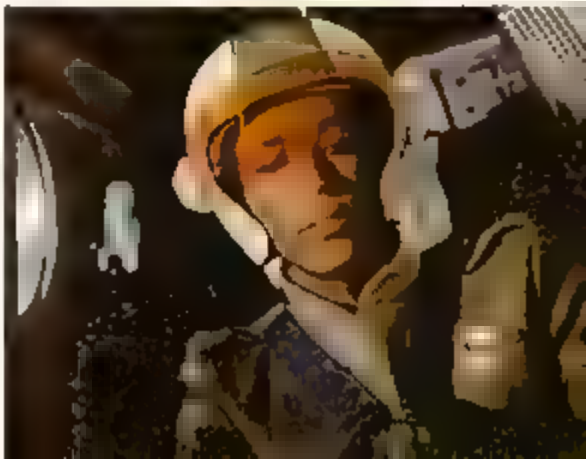
The men exchanged glances as the complete break down of the object's speed and position was relayed by the satellite. Freeman turned to Ford.

Ground that Rescue Freighter. We can't release routine craft during a Red Alert.

Anxiously they waited for news from Moonbase of the results of the interceptors. In Skydiver Straker also waited, standing behind the control pilot watching for success or failure to be reported on the monitor screen. Seconds ticked by. Straker found himself wishing he was back at headquarters. Here in Skydiver he felt useless. He could do nothing but wait around and rely on other people for action.

It's through! the controller announced. "Interceptor action negative."

Karlin appeared with his helmet in position. "Trajectory Termination?" he



snapped, ignoring Straker thinking only of the job in hand

Central Atlantic Area 49 Purple

Then for the first time, over the intercom Straker heard Sea Scope's computerised voice

Sea Scope to Skydiver Sea Scope to Skydiver I am the target Repeat, I am the target

Straker stood aside as Karlin turned and made for the exit hatch that led into the cockpit of Sky 1 He watched the well-drilled crew go easily through the routine of checking the boosters and pumping out water from tanks at the nose of the vessel so that they would be pointing towards the surface. Then Peter Karlin was gone

Straker felt that he would be better out of the way and headed for the captain's cabin In his haste not to interfere he forgot how quickly Skydiver angled for Sky 1's lift-off He found himself suddenly running down the control centre's deck He heard Karlin's voice call 'Lift off' The powerful blast from Sky 1 sent him reeling as Diver 1 took the shock waves of the aircraft's motors. He crashed into the cabin door and half fell

Recovering himself and looking round Straker was relieved to see that the fall had gone unnoticed Then he made up his mind Backroom boy he may be, but that was not going to stop him becoming involved in the action The alternative was to make a fool of himself an unforgivable sin in the presence of junior staff

Karlin felt his craft suddenly surge upwards as it lifted out of the sea. In seconds he was streaking away towards the stratosphere

A voice came over the intercom, 'This is Straker here Any sign of the Ufo?

Not a thing, Karlin said. 'I didn't think you'd want to be out of this

Well you know me, Peter I like to know what's going on

Karlin laughed silently It was impossible to imagine Straker ever having nothing to do or think about

'Sky 1 to Diver 1 Altitude 200,000 feet Levelling off We'll be over Sea Scope in one minute

It was uncanny how the Aliens had learned about Sea Scope so soon But it followed the pattern of previous Ufo activity No matter how closely guarded the secret, the Aliens appeared to have full knowledge

Then Sea Scope came into sight

'Sky 1 to Skydiver Have Sea Scope on visual We'll circle at low speed

Okay Peter We are making our way towards your position at 40 knots We'll be in the area in half an hour Wait " There was a pause then We've got it Ufo's on scanner

At that precise moment Peter Karlin's screen showed a tiny blip of light representing the Ufo Any second it would be entering the Earth's atmosphere The battle was on

Positive trace ' said Karlin There's no doubt Sea Scope's the target

Dusk was replacing daylight and soon it would be dark Karlin searched the sky around him. Then high to his left he saw through the gloom, a glow

ke a slow shoot ng star it was the Ufo, the fric on of the atmosphere heal ing its shell as it came on at speed.

Have Ufo on visual Will have to get at c ose quarters to make a h t."

Okay Peter You know the rout ne

Karlin turned Sky 1 through 180 degrees, taking careful note of Sea Scope gently rid ng the waves below Sudden y the vesse was very vu nerab a The glow of the Ufo gradually began to fade as it slowed in the atmosphere For the t me being Peter Karlin wou d have to use instruments to track the Al en craft

The object gradually slowed until finally it stopped completely Karlin frowned. Why shou d it do that? Was it in some k nd of trouble? It was unlikely He decided to contact Straker

Go ahead Peter

The Ufo is hovering 45 miles up That s almost my ceiling I intend to circle around and wait for it to make a move At 45 miles Sky 1 would not be operat ng at max mum effic ency

Roger Sky 1 You're n the hot seat At least with the Ufo up there Sea Scope is not yet in real danger I'll put Freeman n the picture

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

RIGHT I understand

Alec Freeman listened carefully as Commander Straker gave h m the ful information Foster stood at Free man s shoulder

Very strange What do you make of I Alec?

We could be wrong but h nk it s like this Thanks to Sea Scope, Sky 1 was able to be in position at a much earl er time than ever before Rather than give a genera trajectory term na t on, Sea Scope pin pointed it exactly In fact the ship itself It s my guess that the Alien p lot has been caught out and s wondering what to do next

Paul turned over what Alec had said in his mind. He had to agree with him They watched the screen together There was Sky 1 c rc ng around the stationary Ufo and there was the other stationary blob representing Sea Scope For minutes the same pattern was ma nta ned then the Ufo sudden y began to move off

Peter Karlin in Sky 1 pulled his controls round hard to pursue the fleeing Ufo

Sky 1 to Diver 1 The Ufo is moving off north I m staying w th it

Roger Sky 1 Keep a sharp look out for any alteration I th nk we have them guessing

Kar n g anced at his speed reading and noticed that the race was gradually getting faster Soon they would be fifty mi es away from Sea Scope and he found h mself wonder ng if the Alien would be forced to give up. He had the Ufo firmly at a disadvantage al the t me he covered the target fl ght path

The Ufo suddenly accelerated to a fantastic speed Karlin opened Sky 1 s motors and felt the back of h s seat pressing against h m as the craft surged forward

Suddenly the Ufo began to zig-zag

Then a split second later Karlin realised what was happening. The Ufo was braking fast, using its immensely superior manoeuvrability to pull up the mad flight. Already Sky 1 was beginning to slip beneath the spinning saucer. He rammed his airbrakes on and flung Sky 1 over into as tight a turn as possible.

The G force was fantastic. The blood pounded through his head and his eyes screwed up to combat the pressure. Still he held the controls over. He could hear Straker's voice in his ears but could not make out what was being said. All he knew was that the Alien had taken him for a ride.

Ed Straker watched Diver 1's monitor screen and clenched his fists angrily. He should never have allowed Karlin to go chasing after the Ufo. Now it was careering back on its previous course, swooping down towards Sea Scope with a good lead on Sky 1.

Straker grabbed the microphone.

"Come in Sky 1. Come in Sky 1. Over."

All he could hear was hard breathing. He realised that Karlin was being subjected to a tremendous G force and at this moment must certainly be close to blackout point. He kept shouting over the radio because this would help to keep Karlin from the edge of unconsciousness.

His mind went back over the events. If only he had told Karlin to remain near Sea Scope they would never have got into this position. He began to concentrate his thoughts on Sea Scope because it was now inevitable that the Ufo would try to attack the ship.

He was relieved that he had insisted on the toughest metal. The strange type of ray the Aliens used was certainly powerful. But not powerful enough to destroy the ship with one or even two attacks. And this was all it would have time to do before Sky 1 was within range again.

Karlin's anxious voice came over loudly. "Sorry commander, but I'm not going to be in time to stop an attack."

"Don't worry Peter. We can't stop the Alien on his first run but at least we can avoid the complete destruction of Sea Scope."

Straker watched the screen as the Ufo drew nearer and nearer to Sea Scope. The blipping light behind was Sky 1 and it was gaining fast.

"I have the Ufo and Sea Scope in visual range. Attempting a missile strike."

Karlin pushed his firing button and a missile streaked away from the nose of the aircraft. It flamed through the dark sky and exploded a mile behind the Ufo. Karlin saw the Ufo drop quickly towards the sea and seconds later a deadly ray sprang once, twice into the unprotected Sea Scope.

The whole ship seemed to glow. Sparks and trails of fire ran over it at lightning speed. Then contact with Straker was lost.

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TRICKY OPERATION

STRAKER and Karlin were out of contact. Alec Ford's voice told Freeman as he waited anxiously at Straker's desk.

"Don't worry. They've been communicating through Sea Scope. They'll be out of touch for only ten seconds or so."

Freeman and Foster had been quiet since realising that Sky 1 had been on a fool's errand. Nobody had really suspected what had been going on. Freeman thought to himself that if Straker had been running the operation from H.Q. this might never have happened. Ed was a great believer in the saying 'the spectator sees most of the game'. Below the waves in Skydiver the commander had been closely involved in what had gone on. And in an unfamiliar role. At headquarters he was always detached. Freeman knew there would be quite an inquest when this was all over.

Sea Scope was completely knocked out. In two bursts from the Ufo ray both the radar and verbal communications systems had been rendered useless.

Suddenly Freeman was hit by a blinding realisation.

"Paul, that Shadair Rescue Freighter is it still on alert?"

"I don't know. It should be."

"Pretty soon Peter Karlin is going to be flying on fresh air. His fuel must be almost gone."

"Right, I'll check it."

Paul rushed off and Alec set about calling Diver 1.

"Straker here, Alec."

"Ed, Sky 1 will be out of fuel."

At that moment Paul reappeared and put his thumb up. That meant that the freighter was still on standby. Paul didn't have to wait to be told to take off. He knew that he had to be airborne as fast as possible in order to refuel Sky 1 in the air.

"Okay, Ed. Paul Foster is already on his way."

"Good work Alec." Straker sounded relieved. "Now this is the position. Sky 1 is circling now over Sea Scope and the Ufo has gone up to around thirty thousand feet. The Alien won't risk an attack with Peter around. On the other hand the Ufo hasn't given up and that indicates that it still has work to do."

"The danger will come while Sky 1 is being re-fuelled. The Alien then has two alternatives. Either to attack Sky 1 and the freighter or to go in and finish Sea Scope. For obvious reasons I hope they choose Sea Scope."

"Because of the danger to Foster and Karlin?" Alec said.

"No. Freeman. Because I might catch the Ufo out from here."

Alec Freeman was now used to Straker's apparent disregard for the safety of his men. In fact he knew that this was not true. All SHADO men were risking their lives almost twenty

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four hours a day. Straker always emphasised the terms that SHADO existed under – to seek and destroy. Freeman knew that the Ufo was well and truly found. What he didn't know was how Straker intended to destroy it.

Paul Foster took the Shadair freighter down the runway at full power. Then he hauled the controls back and the plane soared into the night sky. It would be tricky to re-fuel in mid-air at night. Doubly so with a hostile Ufo around. He didn't relish the thought. So he stopped thinking about it.

The freighter was banking out over the coast in seconds. The plane was not built for high speed, but Paul reckoned he could hold it at mach 1.8 plus for long enough to reach Sky 1.

The coastline quickly receded behind him and he reported in to Straker.

'Good to hear you, Paul,' answered Straker. 'Now listen carefully. I want a running commentary on that Ufo – exactly what it does, do you understand? And keep the freighter and Sky 1 at least a mile clear of Sea Scope.'

Paul Foster knew that Straker was up to something, but he couldn't figure out what.

Paul had started to ease the speed back. Peter Karlin's voice came over the intercom.

'Am I glad you're here,' he said, a chuckle in his voice. 'Another five minutes and I'd flop straight down into the sea.'

'Complete rendezvous one mile west of Sea Scope,' replied Foster, keeping the radio calls short and essential.

He chose the west side of Sea Scope on purpose. The first flickers of dawn were approaching in the east and looking from the west he would therefore have a better view of exactly what the Ufo's actions were.

Beneath the sea Straker listened for Foster's voice. Diver 1 was almost exactly beneath Sea Scope. He was playing a dangerous hunch. The two SHADO craft or Sea Scope? Which did the Alien regard as the biggest threat.

The waiting brought back Ed Straker's tingling feeling that meant claustrophobia. He applied himself wholely to the job in hand. He gave an order.

Assume launch position.

The tension started to leave him. The deck floor began to tilt, but this time he was prepared. It wouldn't do to go headlong into a wall right now. The movement of the deck continued until the craft was pointing directly at Sea Scope at an angle of 45 degrees.

Foster to Diver 1. Commentary commencing. The Ufo is at twenty thousand feet. Wait! It's on the move now. Dropping quite fast. Slipping towards us. We're sitting ducks.

Straker ground his teeth.

Now it's going away... and coming back. Away again. I believe it's tempting us. Hovering only three hundred yards away. Now it's moving off. Yes... it's going in for Sea Scope.

Foster's voice counted off the decreasing distance as the Ufo streaked towards the unprotected ship.

100 yards... 50 yards... wow! I think it's going to land on the bows. It's...

Suddenly Sea Scope seemed to erupt in a colossal explosion. The whole sky lit up. Paul saw the Ufo tossed up and fall apart, sections flaring down into the sea.

Ed! he yelled. 'Sea Scope has blown apart. The Ufo has gone too.

But Straker and the crew of the speeding Diver 1 knew exactly what had happened.

DISPENSABLE

You see, Alec, the Ufo must have known that Sea Scope was unarmed. Straker explained as he returned to his office. But still a major threat because of Sky 1's new ability to get into position before the Ufo could enter our atmosphere. It became apparent to me that it would become a full time job to guard the vessel. It became dispensable.

I figured that if SHADO was going to write off the ship it might be an idea to get a Ufo as well. Two birds with one stone. Alec. A missile fired by Diver 1 into Sea Scope's tanks and woof! Both blown sky high.

Freeman smiled at the reflexed Straker. Now he was back at headquarters and happy.

Oh, and by the way, Alec.

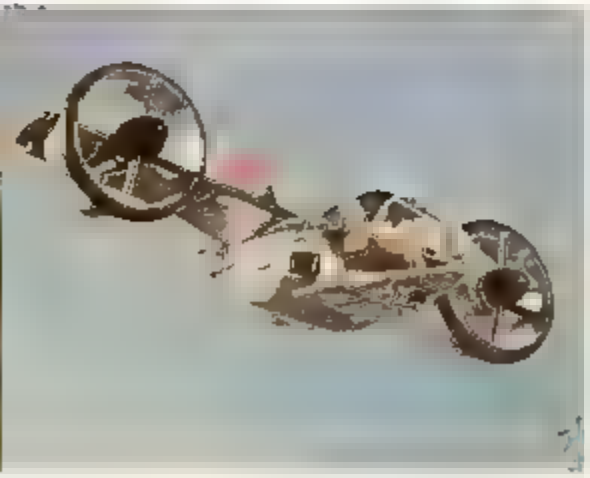
Yes?

'They tell me that our coffee stocks are almost down to nil. I'm not sure if the budget can stand you being in charge again.

Straker was back!

SHADAIR

MOBILITY PLUS POWER



SHADO S air transport coded Sha dair is numerous and comprehensive possess ng w h n the fleet a rcraft for rescue. reconnaissance passenger and a so heavy duty work

The key to SHADO S s.ccess is its abil ty to get men and equ pment to the scene of any ufo and ng as fast as poss ble

The main work horse is the SHADO Transporter wh ch carr es the SHADO Mob. es to any part of the world at the speed of sound

Crewed by three operat ves, two vers ons of this aircraft have been deve oped spec a y for SHADO and can operate n the most adverse cond t ons

SHADO TEST PAPER 2

MIXED-UP FACE

Commander Straker Colonel Freeman and Captain Karen have assembled these features of themselves to create a new character Can you decide which part of the face belongs to which SHADO member?

9 LETTERS

Printed below are nine numbered squares each one representing a letter of a nine-letter word The answers to the following four clues will tell you which letter goes in which square Can you work out the nine letter word?

CLUES

4,3,2,5, is a cloak
4,7,8,9 goes with fish
1,3,6,7, is a window cord

And the whole is used to reach the Moon

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

In this picture of Skydiver six components have been removed in order to fool the Aliens. Are you as easily tricked? List the missing items by checking against the coloured picture at the front of this book

ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 77

SHADO DEFENCE

SHADO MOBILES

With a crew of two or three SHADO Mobiles are all-purpose vehicles able to travel over rough terrain in all conditions.

They are called upon to investigate any Earth landings of Ufos.

Defensively armed, the Mobiles travel at a maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. on land and 30 knots on water. They carry fire fighting, recovery and heavy duty rescue equipment.

To maintain secrecy and to add speed to their operation, the SHADO Mobiles are taken to a Ufo landing location by either road transporters or fast aircraft.

SHADOCARS

WITH speeds in excess of 200 m.p.h. the SHADOcars assigned to Commander Straker Colonel Foster and Colonel Freeman are the ultimate in design and performance.

A feature of the cars is the gull-wing doors illustrated below by Ed Straker.

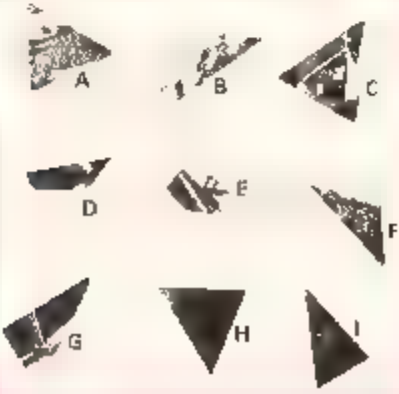
TEST PAPER 3

J G SAW

How good at jigsaw puzzles are you? From the photograph below of the Interceptors about to launch from their moon crater base, nine triangular slices have been removed.

Study the picture and the removed pieces and see how quickly you can match the figures with the correct letters for example if you think No 3 space should be filled with Letter B triangle then your answer will be 3–B and so on.

Answers on page 77



SHADOSTAFF

Karlin

SKYDIVER CAPTAIN

THE captain of the world's most advanced submarine has to be a very special person, for with the responsibilities of that vital command goes the added task of flying one of the most powerful aircraft in the skies.

Straker's first contact with Karlin came soon after Peter, together with his sister Lena and a friend, had witnessed the landing of a UFO.

Unaware of the danger, they took photographs of the machine but were attacked by the Alien pilot.

Peter Karlin forced his sister to make a run for safety, but soon after he was rendered senseless by the Alien.

Lena Karlin was never seen alive again.

Ed Straker recruited Karlin into the service of SHADO where he obtained the skills necessary to accept the command of Skydiver.

Many months later Karlin was largely responsible for the capture of an Alien, the first to fall into SHADO hands. Unfortunately the man died but it was then that an awful discovery was made. The Alien's heart was unmistakably that of Peter's sister Lena.

Commander Straker was concerned for some time that the terrible news of his sister's death would unbalance the young man, but need not have worried. The knowledge served to strengthen Karlin's dedication to duty.

COUNTDOWN TO DANGER

THE rocket launch centre controlled by the International Astrophysical Commission stretched out before Commander Straker as he looked through the panoramic plate glass observation window of the main control blockhouse.

Standing silently and majestically on its launch pad the IAC rocket seemed to symbolise the strength and power that the commission held over Straker for it was the commission which approved all SHADO estimates and generally maintained a watchdog role over the whole SHADO organisation.

"You didn't bring me all the way out here to look at that spaceship," Straker said quietly as he turned to General Henderson, the commission official he dealt with most.

"No," replied the general who long ago had expected to be placed in charge of SHADO but had been voted down in favour of Straker. "But it seemed a good opportunity to make you realise that the Commission has other projects in hand apart from keeping you in check, Straker."

The two men held a grudging respect

for each other, but they had crossed swords too many times to register any genuine friendship.

'I read the inter-departmental memoranda, General,' replied Straker curtly. 'That rocket is the fifth in a series designed to establish contact with possible beings beyond the scope of man's space communications.'

'Yes, we're convinced there are other planets with inhabitants trying to contact Earth. Those probe ships will help to set up a chain of transmitters to the furthest reaches of the universe.'

'That's the difference between our two projects,' said Straker with a grim smile. 'You're dealing with theories and possibilities. I'm dealing with cold hard facts. Your other beings are conjecture. The Aliens are real.'

Straker watched Henderson puff out his ample chest. The SHADO commander was becoming bored with the cat and mouse game of international politics. He wanted to get back to the Harlington-Straker studios and his work.

'None of this is news, Henderson,' Straker snapped, moving from the huge footage of glass. 'Come to the point. What you've got to say and it's a long drive back to civilisation.'

A slow smile twisted Henderson's mouth as he opened the brief case that he had been careful to keep close to his side. Straker noticed the sparkle of triumph in the general's eyes as he withdrew a top secret envelope from the case.

'Take a look at those,' Henderson said with a slight chuckle. 'I think you'll find them news enough for one day.'

Straker opened the envelope and slid out half-a-dozen photographs. As he glanced at each picture, a small nerve began to work at the corner of his jaw.

'They're fakes,' Straker said at last, hoping that Henderson was continuing to play games. But the other man shook his head deliberately and Straker knew by the sudden serious glare that the general had planted a bomb in his lap.

CHECKING

ALEC FREEMAN glanced at Paul Foster and laughed out loud. Straker smiled too, as he thrust the photographs towards his second in command but there was no humour in the SHADO commander's voice.

'You're right, Alec,' he said with a nod. 'It does sound ridiculous. But Henderson is convinced the photographs are genuine. At least five UFOs have been seen and photographed on earth by amateur cameramen in the past three months.'

'I know,' Ed Freeman continued to chuckle. 'But it's impossible. We would have known about them. We would have located them on the tracking systems.'

'That's the easy answer, Alec,' Straker replied quickly. 'But supposing we believe this evidence. Supposing five UFOs did get through our defences without being spotted. It would make us look pretty silly, wouldn't you say?'

'No wonder General Henderson was

so smug when you saw him Paul Foster said, picking up the pictures He's never happier than when he's gunning for you, Ed

"I know, Paul Straker nodded but personalities don't come into this If those photographs are correct, then the whole of SHADO is under the microscope Worse than that the Aliens have obviously found a way of bypassing our detector systems without trace

It should be easy enough to get the boys to find out if the pictures are real suggested Foster I'll have them checked out right away

And you, Alec will find out exactly what SHADO HQ, Moonbase and Sid reported on the days when those UFOs were supposed to have landed

Freeman turned to leave the office Then a thought struck him "What about the guys who took those pictures?" he

asked Can they be trusted to keep their mouths shut? If this leaked out

Don't worry replied Straker his voice low and serious General Henderson assures me the observers have been put off the scent They were fed some story about a film company making a flying saucer' picture.

NO TRACE

IT did not take the laboratory technicians long to discover that the photographs had not been faked

This is laughable.' Straker said his voice rising to a shout "SHADO has spent millions on the most sophisticated tracking systems yet devised and still Ufos can get through without our knowing about it

But how? Foster asked searching his mind for a possible flaw in the network of detector gadgetry

Maybe Alec will find the answers at the computer read out bank "

As if in reply to Straker's words, the intercom on his desk buzzed and Freeman requested permission to enter the office

I've examined the read-outs for the twenty four hours each side of the reported sightings, Alec began placing the reports before Ed Straker None of our bases recorded the slightest trace of Ufo activity

Straker picked up the long strips of paper that registered the computer readings. He studied them for five minutes and then frowned

'You've noticed it too said Freeman with a nod 'The only thing that links the separate days together is one important factor

The launching of a rocket into outer space, finished Straker in a matter of fact tone There must be some reason for that, Alec it's too coincidental

Do you think

It's too serious to stab at the answers this time. Alec cut in Straker 'You and Paul will go straight to Moonbase Interview the entire staff find out what they were doing while those rockets were heading for space check things this end

DEMONSTRATION

THE Lunar Module that was ferrying Paul Foster and Alec Freeman to Moonbase banked gracefully in the blackness of space, dipping into its predetermined moon orbit before making its final descent to the waiting Moonbase gantry

The interviews took three hours and the two men learned nothing new about the activities of the staff on the days when the mystery Ufos had successfully beaten SHADO S defences

'So, the only thing they saw that was out of the ordinary was the launch of the spaceships" Paul recalled as he relaxed in the Leisure Sphere after selecting a meal from the Auto food dispenser

Somehow the Ufos used those rocket launches to disguise their approach, decided Freeman. It's the only answer. Maybe—

It's worth a try, nodded Foster, anticipating Freeman's thoughts. He reached for the communications phone and spoke into the mouthpiece. Have Dr Johnson report to the Control Sphere, he ordered and pushed his unfinished meal aside and moved briskly to the control area.

Dr Johnson was one of the team of expert scientists and computer wizards permanently resident on Moonbase.

Quickly Freeman questioned the young boffin and then, satisfied with the answers, dismissed him from the control centre.

Moonbase to Commander Straker. Come in please, Freeman requested over the communications link with Earth.

The monitor screen at the central control desk cleared to show Straker's strong face.

"What have you found out?" the commander asked without observing the call sign procedure.

It's a theory, nothing more, answered Freeman. Dr Johnson agrees it's possible.

What's?

We're suggesting that during the launch of a rocket from Earth the signals transmitted by that ship are strong enough to jam all SHADO's frequencies. In fact all we detect is the rocket itself—

I see, nodded Straker slowly. And you're saying Ufos with their fantastic speed, are slipping past Moonbase and Sid under cover of the rocket's more powerful signals. Yes, it's an interesting theory. All you have to do now is prove it.

And the only way to do that is by a practical demonstration, Foster said with certainty. Can you get the complete details of the launch plan of the IAC rocket General Henderson is so proud of?

Have you worked out the seriousness of this plan?" Straker asked, surprising both men. I haven't seen the figures but I know enough about aerodynamics and signal frequencies to know that to use a rocket as a shield the Ufos would have to come into the atmosphere almost vertically.

Yes, agreed Freeman. That's what Dr Johnson said. It would mean pushing a machine well beyond the tolerated degree of Earth entry.

A lunar module is the only craft that could stand it—but even so— Straker's voice dropped to a whisper.

What's wrong, sir? Foster asked.

I assume you will be making this flight, Paul, on your own?

Yes. There's no need to risk two lives.

Well, a moment ago I found myself putting up too many objections to your plan, laughed Straker. If I'm not careful I'll talk you out of the attempt—

I don't think you can do that now, sir, replied Foster, still maintaining the respect which was demanded over all communications links. It's become a challenge now—a personal thing.

I understand, colonel, Straker smiled. I'll get that IAC rocket information for you.

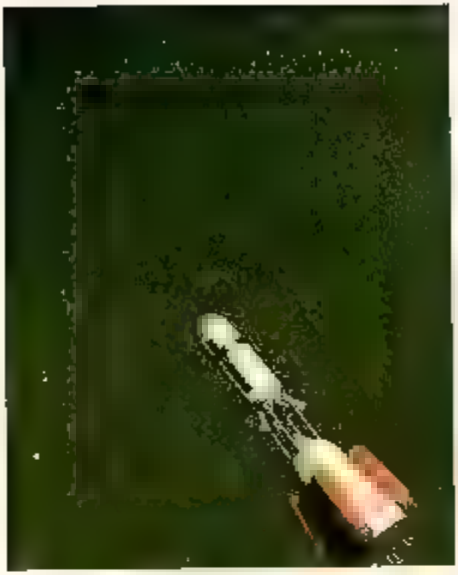
FIREBALL

Five, four, three, two, one, zero. The blockhouse controller's voice echoed around the launch site and was then drowned by the thunderous roar of the huge rocket motors as the slim needle of power thrust its way towards the heavens.

At the same moment, Paul Foster shifted in his seat at the controls of the SHADO Lunar Module and read off the computed figures which flashed on the monitor screen before him.

With Alec Freeman and Dr. Johnson, Foster had worked out precise calculations as to when he would have to make his descent past the rocket towards Earth. If he missed the timing, then the test would be wasted and he could lose his life in vain.

As it was, the risks were too awful to contemplate. Foster knew that the angle he would have to enter Earth's atmosphere would make the module a virtual



fireball. The dangers of the ship melting around him were very real indeed, but if that happened Foster's worries would have been over long before for he would have perished before that point was reached.

The first cue mark appeared on the screen and opening the thruster jets to full power Paul Foster prepared for the rapid flight from his position just beyond the Earth's atmosphere.

Then on the scanning monitor he saw the protective casing of the IAC rocket fly off and the first motor stage of the ship fall back. Soon the probe would be rushing up and past him and seconds after he would hit the atmosphere.

Suddenly all the screens that kept him in contact with his surroundings faded into a haze of zig zagging lines and vivid white dots. Then the monitors went completely blank, their tubes burned out by the tremendous pressure which had been created by the dual dangers of passing so close to the rocket and hitting the upper layers of Earth's atmosphere.

Now Foster could only hope that he had followed his course instructions perfectly for there was no guidance system to tell him to correct any error.

The temperature in the cockpit rose rapidly as the friction of the air on the Module's hull reached a calamitous degree. Foster did not feel the sudden searing heat nor the crushing G forces which hammered down on his body for he had passed into senselessness five seconds before.

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SUCCESS

THE water was warm as Foster's mind swam in the rivers of semi-consciousness. If he didn't open his eyes soon he knew he must drown but the weight was pressing on his eyelids.

He should have worn his underwater goggles. Then he would be able to see through the warm tide. There was nothing for it he would have to risk being blinded in order to reach the surface.

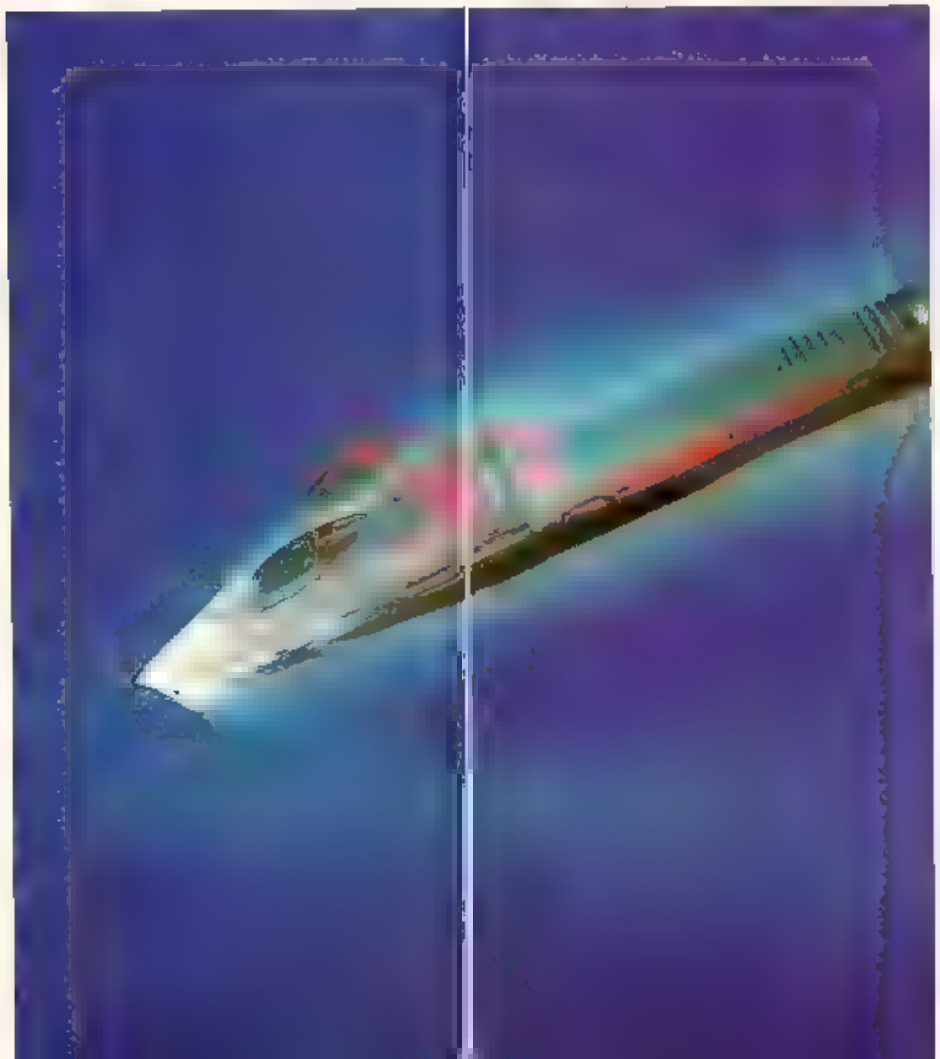
Slowly he moved the lids and the strong brilliance of sunlight poured into the cracks beneath the lashes.

That was odd. He had expected it to be dark this deep down in the water. And what was that noise. Sounded like the hum of a motor boat's engine.

Gradually Foster's mind adjusted to his environment and he realised that the wetness he had felt was the perspiration on his face. The brightness was from the sunlit sky for the automatic heat shields on the cockpit windows had slid back as the craft had slowed to a more gentle speed of mach 2.

I made it! I'm through. Foster shouted suddenly. I beat the systems.

Now fully in control of his senses, Foster realised that his entry had gone unnoticed. If he had been detected the sky would be swarming with defence craft ready to investigate his arrival. But the clear blue sky ahead was empty save for the wisps of cloud far below.



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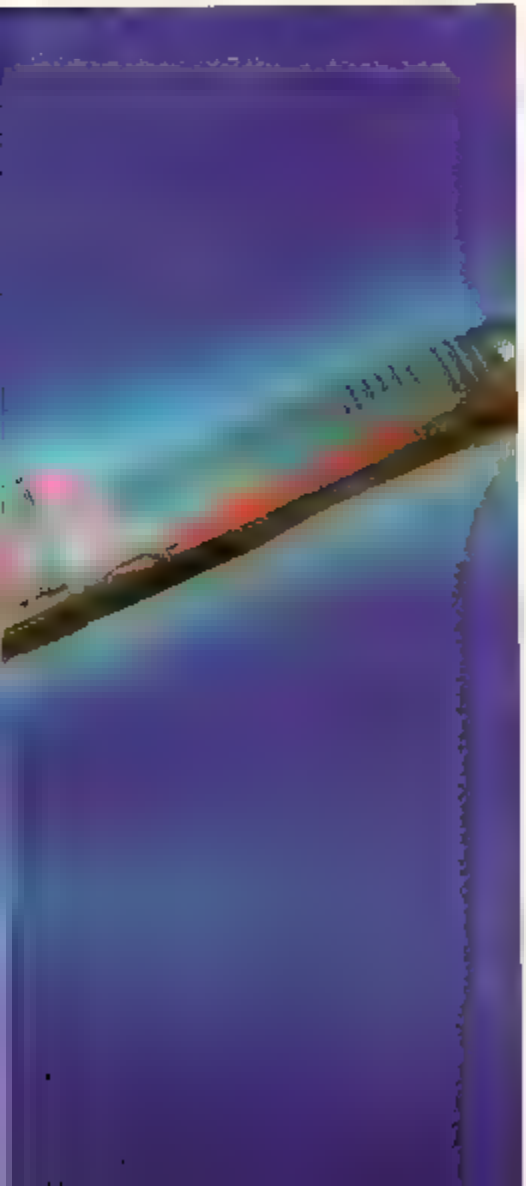

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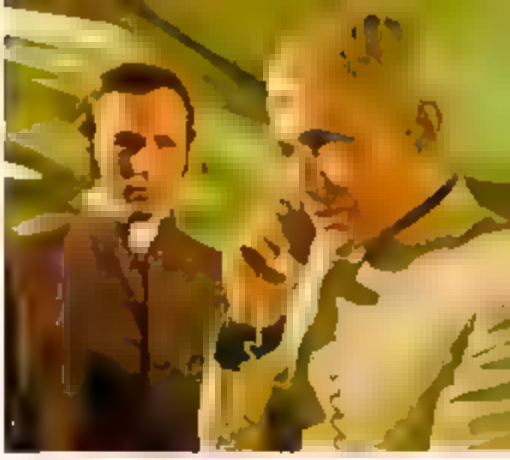
Test Module to SHADO control he announced into the microphone fixed before his mouth. Request Ferry Transporter for surface landing.

Paul, this is Straker came the commander's excited voice. Where are you? Relay your position please."

That proved it! Not even Straker knew the Module's location. Foster smiled with satisfaction as he radioed the information and sat back to await the arrival of the pick-up transporter.



BAD NEWS

Well, Paul, smiled Straker after the colonel had been to the debriefing room and changed his flying suit. "The best theories are the ones that become fact.

Were you able to find out why the systems missed me, Ed? Foster asked, sensing that this was one of the times when the commander would expect the informalities of christian name usage.

Yes, it seems the movement of the rocket created a form of static electricity in a wake of electronic disturbance which reduced all our wave lengths to an undetectable level.

Straker threw some read out sheets across the desk at Foster.

It's all there. You flew a course close enough to the rocket flight path to be within the shelter of that wake, and that's obviously what those Ufos did.

Suddenly the telephone bleeped and Straker moved around the desk to take the call.

General Henderson here came the caller's voice, loud enough for Foster to catch the words. What are you doing about those Ufo sighting reports?"

Straker smiled knowingly at Foster and then turned back to answer.

We've discovered the cause of the detector failure, general, the commander said, a chuckle in his voice. "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.

"What are you talking about?

Well, sir, I'm afraid your rockets are to blame. If you persist in launching space ships, I'm afraid can't guarantee protection from the Ufos.

But this is ridiculous. Straker thundered the general. Are you suggesting that no more launches can take place - ever?

Well, there is an alternative, sir, grinned Straker. But like most alternatives, it will cost quite a lot of money.

What are you saying, Straker?" came the general's loud voice. "You know the commission has given SHADO all the money it can allow at present.

Then I must request the grounding of all spaceships," repeated Straker. But as I said, if you want to carry on trying to talk to these unknown friends of yours in deep space, SHADO will require an auxiliary tracking satellite in Earth orbit to penetrate the flight path blackout created by the ships.

I don't understand a word.

Yes, you do, general. You'll get my report first thing in the morning.

Straker put down the receiver and turned back to Foster. Well, Paul, you did a good job. Thank you.

"What for? Finding out how the Ufos got through or giving you the ammunition to fire another broadside at General Henderson?"

That, Colonel Foster," laughed Straker, "is an improper question.

Puzzle Solutions

Page 14

X-WORD

Across 1 Fireball; 5 Ass; 7 Snubs 9 U.K. 10, S.E 11 Bring. 13. Era 14, Stingray

Down 2 Ingures 3 Bus 4 Liberia. 6 Ski; 8 Usa 12 Gun

Page 51

POWER OF THOUGHT

We managed to make the following words

Eat, cate, eat, are, ate, take, tare, rate, ear, sake, mare, tread, reed, take, tare, skater, seak, rake, care, task, teak, tent, drake, read, ask, date, pad, red, seed, trade, dear, desk, sneak, deer, rest, ear, steed, tear, reared, streak, steer, reader, skate, read, dearer, staked, stared, star, taked, suek, ark, trader, rastel, dark, skated, seer, stark, darker, sear, dar, starker, art

and we were still counting.

Page 51

STRAKER'S DOZEN

1 The moon's gravity is one-sixth of that on the earth. A 150 pound man would weigh 25 pounds on the moon.
2 Mean distance from the earth to the moon is 238,857 miles
3. Yuri Gagarin
4. Neil A. Armstrong.
5 Edwin E. (Buzz) Aldrin (Michael Collins was the command module pilot
6 Frienship 7
7 National Aeronautics & Space Administration
8. Paul.
9 The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 93,003,000 miles.
10. Supreme Headquarters Allied Defence Organisation.
11 Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus Neptune, Pluto.
12. None. There is no water on the moon's surface

Page 63

MIXED UP FACE

Hair Ed Straker Eyes and Nose Alec Freeman Mouth and chin. Peter Karlin

9 LETTERS

Cape, chip, sash. SPACESHIP

SKYDIVER PUZZLE

Objects removed Vertical tailfin of Sky 1, Top of periscope Port horizontal tailfin of Diver Doorway in conning tower Lettering: Cockpit canopy of Sky 1

Page 68

JIG SAW

1-I, 2-H 3-C 4-A 5-G, 6-E 7 D 8-B 9-F